THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FATHER!

BY W. G. STEWART.

Nigh fifteen weary years have bloomed and died,
Since, on a winter's day,
When clouds were painted gray,
My father's spirit fled, the whiles we sighed,
Ah, me! how changed our lot since that he died!

Whilome his "olive plants" each night he'd fold,
With fond, paternal care,
Like loving shepherd, where
Great willows sentinelled the homestead wold;
The wolf crept in when father left the fold!

What time has passed without our father here,
On this cold, friendless earth;
The fires upon our hearth
Have all died out; lost is the mighty cheer
That made us happiest of the happy here.

Wide separated are the light, young forms,
His coming wont to greet
With blithesome songs and sweet;
Have been encountered life's adversest storms.
Alas! the unshared griefs of orphan forms!

The lines have lengthened on my mother's brow,
Her hair has deep'd its gray,
Since father made a May,
Where the perennial frosts kill pleasures now,
And shadows chase the sunshine from each brow.

The world moves on with ceaseless, venal tread;
I pass among its throng,
With absent thoughts along,
My heart less with the living than the dead,
And longing oft their shadowy path to tread.

When wily ones have led my steps to stray
Aside from virtue's track,
Memory of voice far back
Has called me from the siren charm away,
And made me weep that I had gone astray.

Thy spirit-presence, father, let me feel;
This guardian shall restrain
My heart from sinful reign;
Within will spring an antepast of weal,
The glorified in yonder Heaven feel.

Alexandria, Va., Aug. 10, 1862!

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

BY WM. G. MEACHEM.

Hark! 'Tis the tocsin's dread alarms,
Harmonious to the brave.
To arms, ye patriots, all, to arms!
Our country calls to save.

Traitors have breathed accursed vow,
To wreck our happy land;
Ye loyal, to the rescue now
With heart and head and hand!

The treacherous South has drawn the sword
And seeks the nation's life;
Ye brave and true, your armor gird—
Haste to the bloody strife!

Each of the now rebellious States,
Nine bold and reckless sons,
His sire, the Constitution, hates,
Nor mother, Freedom, owns.

Banded as one, with hellish vows,
Their murderous schemes they ply,
To stab the governmental laws
And throttle Liberty.

Nine States fraternal, armed with steel,
Resist parental sway;
Ye filial States, with martial zeal,
Crush the rebellious fray!

This noble family of States,
Brave sons thrice ten and four,
Must still be the *United* States,
I trust, for evermore.

Warsaw, April, 1861.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY EMMA GARRISON,

AUTHORESS OF "FREDDY IRVIN," "ZAIDEE, OR THE RUBY CROSS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD KENT FARM-HOUSE.

Our story commences on a cloudless evening in the leafy month of June. The sky, of a deep, lustrous blue, arches mile on mile above; and in the misty space below hang masses of fleecy white, drifting before the gentle winds, and flashing across the sun's broad disc, and leaving behind them groups of fantastic shadows, which chase each other in wild succession over the hills and valleys, and even cast a transient shadow on the foliage of the forest and on the dimpling silver of the river.

The hens in the old Kent barn-yard, conscious of hidden treasures in the heart of the hay-mow, keep up a continuous cackling, to the infinite provocation of a speckled cock, who, from a lofty perch, crows defiance at his nearest neighbor, and, like all the rest of his sex, feels highly indignant at all manner of feminine manifestation. Mother-hens, happily indifferent to all youthful excitements, hover drowsily in the sunshine, or scratch up the black mold with their downy broods around them—and not far off, a clannish flock of turkeys crop down the clover along the hedge-rows—and a foppish pea-fowl spreads out his gaudy plumage, too vain and conceited to believe that the continuous hissing of a pursuing flock of geese signifies anything more than praise and admiration.

In the meadow, knee-deep in fragrant grass, stands a sober, meditative cow, gazing with great, solicitous eyes towards the barn-enclosure, through the railings of which a star-browed calf is plainly visible—and in an adjoining pasture two frisky ponies indulge in a variety of unreasonable capers, to the extreme annoyance of two peace-loving yearlings and a milky flock of sheep.

The extensive corn-fields stand in bountiful silence, save when a breath of wind rustles the green blades together, and tosses the yellow tassels and floesy silks; or when some foraging crow comes cawing down from the pine grove in search of a fallen ear—and the orchard, bending down beneath its ripening clusters, gives promise of a lavish autumn.

The garden, too, is in its glory. The broad walks are as soft as velvet, and of the freshest and brightest green; and the swelling borders fairly blaze with tufts of variegated pinks, and clusters of sweet-william and heart's-ease, and great, flame-like tulips, and roses in which the crimson heart-blood of half a century seems to glow. Then there are broad beds of thyme and lavender and chamomile; and a long row of important-looking hollyhocks—and after these, the vegetable kingdom, not quite so fair to look upon perhaps, but suggestive of good cheer and household plenty. The homestead of the bees, too, constitutes an all-important feature, and the multitudinous murmur of the little laborers, as they come and go, and flatter about their storehouses, fills the odorous air with a homely but pleasing music.

Take it all in all, the old garden is a charming place, and has a substantial, home-like aspect, that compensates for its floral deficiencies, just as the genial face and honest heart of an old antiquarian makes up for his lack of modern manners and modern attire, and which carries the heart of the beholder far back into the sunny morning of childhood, when a spotted butterfly sporting amid the clover-bloom—or the little bantam egg found in the sweet-scented hay-mow—or the first red streaks in the hollyhock buds, filled the heart with a tremor of delight, which nothing in the cold actualities of after existence can ever again awaken.

But it is hard to find anything wholly belonging to the past. Improvement and Reform are everywhere busy, and the oldest and most sacred of our time-worn monuments bear traces of their work. Even our old-fashioned garden must needs dress itself up in a little bit of modern finery. In one corner, separated from its plebeian surroundings by a pretty mosaic-work of pebbles, is a single parterre, devoted solely to the rarest and fairest of modern flowers. Not a sprig of thyme or the shadow of a hollyhock, but fair and fragrant lilies, delicate tea-roses, japonicas, camellias, and a variety of geraniums and other tender exotics, not worth a great sight more than our hardy, primitive plants, yet requiring double the amount of care and trouble. In front of this aristocratic parterre is a tasteful lattice summer-house, overgrown and half concealed by a luxuriant English honeysuckle. On the painted seat stands a china vase containing a superb bouquet, and not far off lie a guitar-case and a richly-bound volume of Coleridge. Such things are not in keeping with the sturdy old farm-house and its appurtenances, neither with its conservative owners—who then is the presiding genius of this charming little corner? A nymph or a fairy? We shall see!

And now, after a somewhat lingering ramble, we come to the old Kent farm-house itself, standing on the summit of a gentle knoll, the very ideal of old-fashioned, hospitable comfort. The yards are spacious and smoothly shaven, with here and there a clump of roses and lilacs; and just before the door a row of stately locusts, terminating in a long avenue of English poplars. The outbuildings are in good repair, and gather about the main structure like faithful soldiers round an honored captain; and the main structure looks down upon, or rather overshadows them, with an aspect of paternal kindness.

This main structure is one of those old-fashioned, comfortable-looking buildings, that are scattered here and there over the country, silent reminders of the Past in the midst of an ever-changing Present. The roof is very high, pointed in the centre, and sloping down on each side in broad, sheltering wings; and great tower-like chimneys, almost hidden in luxurious creeper, flank the northern and southern gables.

A long weather-beaten porch, its vines and morning-glories gently rustled by the cool river breeze, extends the entire length of the eastern front; and the western windows look out upon a ridge of misty mountains, and also upon the tobacco-fields and the kitchen. And such a kitchen! Just as unlike one of our modern stove-affairs as is a motherly matron with ample bosom and capacious pockets to a nervous, city-bred consumptive.

What fragrant memories of Christmas feasts, and Thanksgiving dinners, and wedding preparations, linger about the immeasurable fire-place! How many little hearts have danced with childish delight at the harsh creaking of that walnut cupboard door, and at the sight of the brown "turn-overs" and crisp ginger-nuts, always heaped upon its ample shelves! What a story that green settle, beneath the window, might unfold of whispered love and newly-wedded bliss! Look at the golden June sunlight, how it creeps over the oaken door-sill, just as it has crept for years and years before you or I were born, and flashes a dazzling reflection from the polished pewter on the little swinging shelf, and from the burnished lock of that old-fashioned musket above the door! Doesn't it thrill your heart? Aye, as it will never thrill again, though you stand amid the purple shadows of the Coliseum. But we are growing sentimental, let us hurry on into the old-fashioned farm-house.

On the broad stone door-steps, where the evening sun shines warmest, lies a great, shaggy Newfoundland, his fore-paws protruding into the porch, and his black nose almost touching two pretty kittens, gracefully reposing on a willow mat. Up and down the porch, billing and cooing quite amorously, patter two glossy pigeons, and an ill-natured parrot shrieks "git out," from a green wire cage above the door.

This door leads into a roomy passage, hung round with hunting suits and all manner of sporting implements, from a musket down to a battle-door, showing the family to be of a jovial and pleasure-loving nature. A second ponderous door opens on the right into a large, square hall, loftily ceiled, and floored with polished oak, containing a number of old-fashioned chairs, standing primly against the wall, like embarrassed visiters; and an oval table, covered with a heterogeneous collection of books, prints and magazines. In one corner stands a fiddle-case, in the other an enormous drum; and over the eight-day clock is a pair of beautiful antlers—and these antlers, by-the-by, have a story connected with them, which we shall come to before long. A full-length portrait of General Washington in military costume, and a pathetic picture of Hagar in the wilderness, hang on opposite sides; and on the top of a small, walnut cabinet is a bust of Daniel Webster.

A third door opens into the dining-room, large and lofty like its neighbor, and furnished with an ample table, and a walnut sideboard suggestive of spotless damask and massive silver; and the broad staircase winds upward to a suite of chambers, all stiff and stately, with staring, curtainless windows, and mountain-like beds, save one, the smallest room in the house, and overlooking the parterre of exotics. The walls of this are tastefully papered—the windows, and the low, white couch, curtained with spotless muslin—the floor prettily carpeted, and the furniture of the latest pattern. An oval mirror, wreathed with shells and flowers, stands on a marble-topped toilet stand—and in one corner is a dainty rosewood case, filled with nicely-bound volumes. On the window-sill is a vase of exquisite roses—above it, a canary in a gilded cage—a piece of unfinished embroidery lies on one of the ottomans—and just visible beneath the snowy counterpane is a pair of tiny slippers.

There is but one picture in the chamber, and that serves at once as a key to the character of the occupant, whoever she may be. Woman and maiden she undoubtedly is—it needs no second glance into this perfect little abode to convince us that it is a temple solely dedicated to virginal innocence. This picture is no work of art, but simply a school-girl execution, crude and imperfect in many respects, yet so true to life, so full of wild, passionate earnestness, that it holds the beholder with a kind of subtle fascination. It is a sublime conception of Gertrude Von der Wart kneeling before the torturing wheel upon which her husband is bound, her uplifted eyes full of undying fidelity. In one corner, written in a clear, round hand, is the simple name Florence Kent; and just below the kneeling Gertrude are the soul-moving lines of Joanna Baillie:

"Dark is our fate.
And terrible the storm that lowers o'er us
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs these from nature, shall dissever
This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison house,
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee."

We cannot imagine Florence Kent to be a pretty, gossamer maiden, odorous with French extracts, and crazy over the last "love of a bonnet," after having seen that picture—neither a dreamy sentimentalist, careless of real sorrows and sufferings, and exceedingly grievous over fictitious ones. Her attributes must be above all these, or she never could have painted that picture, rude and imperfect as it is. However, we shall see!

The sun has gone quite down while we have been rambling over the old farm-house, and all the western sky is in a mist of golden purple. The river, which, by-the-by, we forgot to say, winds round the base of the hill upon which the old house is situated, dimples and flashes in the waning light; and the ridge of mountains looms up, crested with delicate crimson.

Chanticleer has left his perch in the barn-yard, and, with the rest of his feathered companions, has sought his accustomed roost—the clannish turkeys have established themselves in the top of a stately oak—and the ill-bred geese continue to hiss from their pen, to the extreme gratification of the conceited pea-fowl, perching not far off. The mischievous ponies still run at large in the meadow, but the sheep bleat from their nightly fold; and the sober cow and peace-loving yearlings stand munching hay in the barn-yard. And now comes the milk-maid, her brass-bound bucket poised upon her head; and just behind her are farmer Kent and his wife, walking out, in the cool of the evening, to overlook their prosperous possessions.

The farmer is a fine-looking, well-to-do old gentleman, somewhat inclined to corpulency, as such old gentlemen are apt to be, but pleasant to look upon withal; his cool, white linen garments spotlessly clean, and his thin gray hair blown back from the kindest and happiest of fatherly faces. His wife is just the woman to suit him, just the woman we should expect such a man to choose for his life companion. Not jovial and fun-loving, like himself, but his very opposite—meek, modest, and almost melancholy, until that warm, spring-like smile breaks over her face and lights up her whole person with a strange, dazzling brightness.

Mrs. Kent suits her husband—she has been his better angel for well nigh two-score years. He was a gay, rollicking, indeed a dissipated youth, when she married him, bidding fair to run through his patrimonial estate, and disgrace his ancient lineage—now he is an upright, respected citizen, an honor and example to the community in which he lives. The sweet circle of her constant love, by shutting him in from all corrupting influences, has made him what he is; and he is not unconscious of it. Ask him the secret of his success and prosperity, and he will point you to Alice.

They walked on together down the green, breezy lane, pausing first to examine one thing and then another, rejoicing in the evening of life over the bountiful harvest of their morning labors. While they sauntered on, the broad, blue sky above, and the pleasant river before them, bright with the shifting shadows of the closing day, a young man, in a handsome green hunting suit, with a rifle across his shoulders, and a brace of rare and gaudy birds swung across his saddle-bow, rode up in an opposite direction, followed by half-a-dozen dogs.

"What you shoot dem birds for, Mas'r Clifford?" questioned the old groom, as he came forward to take the horse, "dey's not wuff a cent dis season."

"For sport, Jockey," answered the young man, springing to the ground, and lavishing sundry caresses on his canine favorites. "I've been all the way down the river, and didn't even strike a trail—so I resolved, like old Japhet, to sacrifice the first thing that met me on my way back. These birds met me, or I should have been under the painful necessity of shooting you, Jockey."

"Yah—yah, Mas'r Clifford—Jockey poor game!"

"Don't know about that, Jockey. But give Ratler a good feed—he's had a long tramp—and take my rifle to the house when you go. Here, Ranger—Venus—Pallas—get out o' the way, my beauties;" and, with a parting caress to his favorites, and a lingering pat on his horse's neck, the young man hurried away and joined his parents as they came up the breezy lane.

"How now, my Nimrod," laughed the old farmer, "another day idled away for a pair of useless birds! You'll make a capital manager when I resign—a model farmer, I dare say."

"Give me time, father—give me time," he answered, in a tone of good-humored gayety. "Let me get my crop of wild oats in, and I'll subscribe to the Rural Agriculturist, and settle down into an old-fashioned country gentleman. But my birds are not useless—I shot 'em for Florence—I heard her wishing for a pair, to stuff for that little cabinet she's arranging—and here's a bunch of lesser fry for you, mother—I risked my neck to get 'em."

"Thank you, Clifford—they are my favorite flowers," said his mother, smiling sweetly as she received the fragrant blossoms; but in her smile was a tinge of sadness, and her eyes grew tenderly wistful as they rested on the fine, manly figure of her only son—and when he turned away in search of Florence, she sighed audibly.

"What is it, Alice?" asked her husband, divining by a kind of intuition the current of her thoughts.

"Nothing—only the old trouble, Nathan."

"Nonsense, Alice—you think too much of your children. Clifford's in no danger—he'll come all right, after a while. Let him, as he says, get his wild oats in."

But his cheerful words failed to reassure the mother's anxious heart. Her eyes grew misty as she remembered a terrible night, a night never to be forgotten, when Clifford's horse came home without a rider—and soon after Clifford himself was brought, not sick or dead, but what was almost worse, insensibly intoxicated. It was the first, and had been the last time; but the poor mother's heart would ache and tremble whenever she looked upon his gay young face, for fear of a repetition.

"You are too much given to taking trouble on interest, Alice," continued her husband, observing her increasing sadness. "Clifford's been led into some little extravagances, to be sure—but that's no reason for supposing he'll pursue the same course in the future. Didn't I do as bad, and a great deal worse, when I was young? And, Alice, you can't say that I've made you a bad husband?"

"No, no, Nathan," she answered, a tender smile on her lip, but tears in her meek eyes; "but it's a dangerous road for a young man ever to start in—you turned back, but Clifford may be tempted to go on."

"Pshaw, Alice—you're determined to make yourself miserable—Clifford's too good a boy for that—he's one of the best-hearted boys in the world. But, hush, here he comes with Florence!"

The brother and sister came up the walk from the summer-house, Clifford bringing the guitar and Coleridge, and Florence the dead birds. They were a handsome couple; resembling each other in some respects, and as unlike in others as dawn and twilight. Clifford's tall, firmly-knit figure towered up above his sister's delicate form like a stalwart oak above a clinging vine; and his daring, handsome face, with its bold, decided features, and black, curling hair, contrasted strikingly with her shadowy, moonlight loveliness. But Florence, though an exceedingly delicate flower, was by no means a fragile one. Her form, notwithstanding its airy grace and pliant motion, possessed a roundness of proportion, and a development of muscular power, even discernible beneath the cloud-like redundance of her saffron muslin robe; and her face, with all its shifting lights of bloom and pallor, and its fair, feminine transparency, had an expression of force and decision pervading every lineament.

She came up the walk with a light, gliding step, her head bent slightly forward, and her deep brown eyes full of a dreamy and almost sorrowful tenderness.

"Well, puss, you've got the birds you wished for," said her father, as they met at the steps of the porch; "pretty fellows, aren't they?"

"Very pretty indeed, father;"—her voice melts on your ear in the most delicious harmony, yet for your life you cannot determine whether it is glad or sad—both perhaps, the clear, sweet notes of joy commingling with the throbbing strains of sorrow. "But," she continued, "it seems a pity to have killed them."

"Why, I thought you'd be delighted over 'em, Florence," said Clifford, a slight shade of disappointment darkening his happy face.

"So I am, dear Clifford—it was very kind of you to get them—they will make a beautiful addition to my cabinet—but, poor, pretty things, I can't help feeling sorry for them."

"I'll take 'em and prepare 'em for your cabinet," said her brother, anxious to free her from even so slight trouble, "and then you won't think any more about it."

Florence acquiesced; and, summoned by the tinkle of the tea-bell, they followed Mrs. Kent to the supper-room.

The twilight deepened and broadened, until all the gorgeous coloring faded from the west, like the tremulous hues of youthful hope before the sombre shadows of actual existence. The harvest moon came up, and poured down her glorifying beams upon the rustling corn-fields, the odorous garden, and the happy, old homestead. So happy, so free from sordid care and anxious trouble—such a great-hearted, hospitable, unpretending old place, one cannot believe that the black shadow of misfortune will ever dim the golden sunlight on its ample threshold. But it will—for nowhere on all this broad earth can a spot be found where the black cloud will not, at one time or other, drift across the beaming sunshine.

The portentous cloud is even now uprising—fold after fold of ominous black overspreading the summer blue. Soon will be heard the muttering thunder—the hissing flight of fiery arrows—and the fierce rattle of the storm. And what will remain after all is over? Splintered forests, ruin and desolation—or resuscitated verdure, purer air and brighter sunshine? We shall see!

CHAPTER II.

ROCKVILLE.

In a bend of the same river that sweeps by the old Kent farm-house, and at a distance of about three miles from that residence, stands the little village of Rockville. Little we say, yet Rockville is a place of no ordinary pretensions. It possesses many of the facilities of a town, and all the picturesque loveliness of the country. Topographically speaking, it is one of the most attractive situations in the State. Half zoned by the silver river, and no common river either, but a broad, majestic stream, flowing on with far-sounding melody towards the infinite sea; it stands, like a pretty picture, at the base of a chain of mountains, throbbing with bustling enterprise, sylvan beauty, and happy social life.

Surrounding it, are far-extending acres of alluvial land, cut up into promising fields of corn and tobacco—and off on one hand is a pretty strip of oak forest, in which a "deer-lick" is still said to be extant; and where, from dawn till twilight, the whirr of the pheasant, the whistle of the partridge, and the shrill cry of the wild turkey, are constantly heard. On the other hand is a gloomy pine grove, filled with a wierd kind of music, as if every tree were a resonant harp-chord smitten by unseen fingers.

Rockville has its wharf, a rough little fixture, jutting out into the river, from which a brisk, little steamer, called the "Swallow," makes tri-weekly trips—and its wharf house, put up in shanty style, and well stored with bales of cotton, fish, oysters, and other such commodities. Then there are two flourishing groceries, with hams of bacon in yellow covers hung before the doors; and one or two variety stalls, with pipes and cigars, and stockings and suspenders, promiscuously arranged in the windows. That is Commerce street—the next is the avenue.

We pass over the firm of Brown, Green & Co., dealers in all manner of dry goods, from the heaviest Osnaburgs up to the finest Indian gossamer; and also over Knox's boot and shoe establishment, and Porter's hardware store; for, farther than that they help to make up the village of Rockville, they do not greatly concern us. The private residences come next; the smallest and humblest crowded in on the suburbs, the wealthy and aristocratic standing off in the rear. That bright-looking little building, with the green maple tree in front, and the pot of roses in the window, is the home of Miss Tabby Stebbins, the village milliner and mantua-maker; and the next fortunate of us always get. He does not rail at fortune, but seems grateful that he has space to live and breathe in in God's beautiful world. Yet the people of Rockville pity, as well as scorn him!

Ah, good people of Rockville, there are many, many things in this world of ours not dreamed of in your philosophy. Could you but gain admittance into that dingy little chamber in the third story of Doctor Fettengill's mansion, on one of these summer nights, when the sweet, June moonlight silvers all your sylvan scenery, and brings out your mountains, and your forests, and your rippling river in beautiful relief—and even clothes your commonplace little village with idealistic splendor—could you but look in at that narrow window, and behold that pale young face lit up with something more than mortal brightness, you would not pity the lonely occupant. You would turn away with dazzled eyes, and find your own homes all the darker for what you had seen.

CHAPTER III.

ATTORNEY KENILWORTH'S PARTY.

The village of Rockville, somewhat prosy and comatose, as country villages are apt to be, was startled into a flutter of unprecedented excitement by the announcement that Attorney Kenilworth would give a free party at Kenilworth Hall, on the night of the Fourth of July, at which he earnestly solicited all his neighbors to appear. A free party, and everybody, high and low, invited! The thing was unparalleled! The people of Rockville were overwhelmed with amazement and admiration. The Attorney was a man for you; not moping and shy, like that foolish cousin of his, but great-hearted, friendly and generous. He was worthy of the highest office in the State, and should have it too, if the people of Rockville could secure it for him. The whilom quiet little village was like unto a bee-hive when the worthy little inmates take it into their heads to swarm. Such talking, and planning, and anticipating had never before been heard.

Brown, Green & Co. were compelled to engage an extra clerk, so great was the demand for dry goods; and Miss Tabby Stebbins, and pretty Mary Lane, her assistant, were well-nigh worked to death—obliged to use Miss Tabby's own words, to swallow their meals whole—and as for sleep, they never thought o' such a thing."

Every soul in the village, old and young, had an holiday outfit, bran new from top to toe, except Jacob Hughes, the miser, and Horace Kenilworth, the village schoolmaster. The former would wear his usual coat, if it was a little rusty; it was good enough for Kenilworth's party, or any one else's. He would not go anyhow, only it would save his housekeeper the trouble of getting supper. The latter could not have procured new garments even if he had desired them, having just expended his last spare dollar for a handsome edition of Carlisle's Essays. But he intended to go—he could brush up his old coat and make it look well enough. Of course, he cared nothing for the company—he was not favorable to parties—but he wanted to make out a list of some of the books in the library, and to see the dear old home of his boyhood once more.

Among all the busy villagers, there was not one who looked forward to the approaching party with more eagerness than farmer Kent. He and his family had been the very first to receive invitations, and he was determined that every one of them should go. Lawrence Kenilworth was a fine, social fellow—a keen lawyer, and a good manager—an honor to the village and to his acquaintances; and he, for one, meant to encourage. Such was the old farmer's expressed excuse for going; but, although he would not have acknowledged it, there was a stronger and deeper motive hidden in his breast.

Kenilworth Hall was indisputably the most aristocratic mansion in the county, the Kenilworths, Horace excepted, the most respectable family. In former times only a ceremonious acquaintance had existed between the farm-house and the Hall; there had been no familiarity and equality; and now that Lawrence Kenilworth had done away with the old family reserve, and had proffered the hand of social friendship to the old farmer, he felt himself just the least bit flattered by it. Not that he had any of the fawning parasite about him—far from it. He was as proud as the proudest of the Kenilworths, and had a right to be. His own name dated as far back as theirs, and was as clear and unsullied. The only difference between the two families was in regard to wealth, and that was rapidly diminishing. Still the old farmer felt a little pleased and flattered at the Attorney's attention.

And there was yet another motive more impelling than all the rest. Kent worthy had singled out farmer Kent as his agricultural adviser, being a professional man himself, and not experienced in such matters; and during one of the agricultural consultations the Attorney had come down to personalities, and talked to the old farmer of his lonely life, and of his intention to take unto himself a wife, if—if—he could win—but it was so doubtful—his heart failed him when he thought of it. Farmer Kent could not possibly mistake his meaning; and the consequence was that he determined to go to the party, and also that Florence should have a very becoming dress.

Mrs. Kent did not offer an objection—she never thwarted her husband's wishes when they were at all reasonable—but Clifford and Florence were not at all in unison with the prevailing feeling. The former intended to go—he would not miss the fun for the world—and, moreover, he had promised to take Mary Lane. But, notwithstanding, he thought Lawrence Kenilworth nothing less than a polished villain—and he would tell him so as quick as wink. People would see after awhile—the scale would turn, and in that poor schoolmaster's favor, maybe. Clifford would just like to be in his place for awhile; he would settle that smooth-tongued Attorney, with his fist, if nothing else.

Florence readily agreed to attend the party when she saw it was her father's wish; but agreeing did not change the current of her feelings. She had known Horace Kenilworth ever since she could remember, and something in his serious face and studious habits had always interested her. Once or twice he had called at the farm-house; and it was from his garden and hot-houses that she had obtained the principal part of her exotics. Yet they were nothing more than common acquaintances, and Florence might never have bestowed a serious thought upon him if he had not been so suddenly and unceremoniously ejected from the old home of his forefathers and thrown upon his own resources. These circumstances called into action all her womanly sympathies, and threw around the unfortunate young man a halo of romantic interest. She listened with a swelling heart to the gossip that floated up from the village concerning his untiring labor in the brown school-house, and his midnight vigils in Doctor Pettengill's dingy little chamber; and even went so far as to question John and Phœbe Green concerning the report of their receiving gratuitous tuition, and found it strictly true. And while all Rockville, and her own father among the rest, laughed and scouted at Horace as a luckless wight, Florence made a hero of him, and burned incense upon his altar day and night.

Her idea of Attorney Kenilworth cannot be well expressed—indeed, she rarely ever suffered herself to think of him; she liked to banish him from her mind, and not even to be conscious of his existence. It pained and troubled her to dislike anything, even an inanimate object—and she could not help disliking Attorney Kenilworth, therefore she endeavored not to think of him. But she consented to go to the party; and her fond old father rode upwards of twenty-five miles to obtain materials for her dress, Brown, Green & Co. not happening to have anything suitable.

It is a problem difficult of solution, whether it is better to possess the wondrous gift of imagination, or to be merely an enjoyer of other people's feasts—in other words, whether it is better to be a creator, or simply an appreciator of other people's creations. As well, and no more perhaps, for nature is an equitable distributor—she makes the glow-worm, beneath the grass-spire, as content to shine, as fiery Mars in the blazing galaxy of the universe.

The people of Rockville were not imaginative; consequently the scene at Kenilworth Hall on the night of the Fourth of July burst upon them like a vision of enchantment. They had never dreamed of anything so dazzling; it stunned and bewildered them, made them almost doubt, for the moment, whether or not they were in the actual world. And the scene was truly inspiring.

The Hall, as you remember, stood upon a rising eminence, surrounded by a circular walk, and fronting the village and the river. Entirely round this walk, suspended from pickets, put up for the occasion, were small, brilliant lamps, wreathing the whole yard in a glittering zone of light. Over the front entrance was a grand triumphal arch of vines, and roses, and evergreens; and surmounting it, a semicircle of globular lamps, throwing far beyond them a flood of dazzling radiance. In the garden, even amid the graperies and hot-houses, the illumination was kept up. Lights flashed like fire-flies from every nook and corner, and swayed from the boughs of the trees, revealing with awful distinctness the old Kenilworth grave-yard with its spectral monuments; and casting a lurid glare over the mountains, the village and the river.

The yards and grounds were pretty well filled at an early hour; all the village was assembling, men, women and children. On the front steps, smiling and condescending, stood the Attorney, receiving and welcoming his guests; listening with pleased attention to their words of admiration, and assuring them of the pleasure their presence afforded him. Among the earliest arrivals was farmer Kent's family; and then it was that the Attorney put on his broadest smile. He did not wait on the steps to receive them, but ran down the walk at least a dozen yards—bowed—smiled—hoped they were well—expressed his great satisfaction at seeing them—and then, with a deep obeisance, offered his arm to Florence, to conduct her through the gardens, or anywhere else she might feel disposed to go.

Florence thanked him in her pleasant, lady-like way; but she would not go to the garden just then—she wanted to hunt up her brother and Miss Lane. He would take great pleasure in assisting her. She was very grateful for his kindness—but he need not trouble—there was Clifford then—and before the Attorney could offer a word of remonstrance, or her father recover from his mortification and surprise, she glided away and disappeared in the crowd.

"What in the deuce is the matter with the girl?" muttered the old farmer.

His wife only smiled, a smile of quiet comprehension; and the Attorney was too well-bred to notice it. He led the way to the hall, all suavity and good humor, but a close observer might have detected a keen glitter in his gray eye, and a whitish circle about his compressed lips, giving evidence that he did not ever admire Miss Florence's conduct. But he met her several times during the evening; and even so far forgot his former chagrin as to present her with a superb bouquet of hot-house flowers, which Florence accepted very gracefully, but tossed upon the table a moment after and purposely forgot.

The evening passed off grandly. There was a bountiful supper on the green—no end to confectionery—and crowning all, a great pyramid cake, half as big as the dome of the Lyceum. A band of excellent musicians was stationed in the centre of the grounds, and every facility for dancing and merriment afforded to those who liked it. Attorney Kenilworth's party was perfect; it did not lack a single attraction. Never before had the people of Rockville been so pleased and elated. That night was an era in their lives, and would be talked of and described by future generations. Everybody, young and old, seemed perfectly happy—except Florence. To her the festive hours dragged slowly by—the perfumed air seemed almost to stifle her—and she wandered about, restless and uneasy, impatiently awaiting the time when she could return to her own quiet chamber.

Not that she failed to appreciate the beauty and magnificence of everything around her. The old Hall had always been one of her favorite places. Somehow or other, because of its ancient and romantic aspect perhaps, it had a place in all her girlish dreams and fancies. But on this gala night its real beauty surpassed all her former imaginings; yet she did not truly enjoy it. The very idea of being the guest of Lawrence Kenilworth oppressed and frightened her; and the bare sight of his handsome, smiling face filled her heart, so tender and merciful towards others, with shuddering and disgust. Of course all this was very foolish in Florence; she ought to have been very grateful for the attention of such a generous and enterprising man as Attorney Kenilworth. But perhaps she could not help her perversity.

Towards twelve o'clock, weary of the gardens, the halls, and of the swaying mass of eager faces, and the ceaseless Babel of tongues; and knowing that her presence would rather diminish than increase the pleasure of Clifford and Mary, Florence bethought herself of the library, which had been thrown open, with the rest of the apartments, for the reception of the visiters.

There were not a great many in it when she entered; only a small, book-loving circle. The Episcopal minister and his daughters—a divinity student—and some of the Academy girls, all of which flattered about her with pleasant greetings, like moths round a newly-lit candle. But Florence heard very little of their buzzing chatter, her attention was fixed upon another object. In one corner of the library, in the shadow of the marble Apollo, resting his elbow on the top of an ebony cabinet and his head upon his hand, stood Horace Kenilworth, in an attitude of deep and melancholy reflection.

The minister examined books and pictures through his gold spectacles—the divinity student looked out works on theology—and the ladies flirted their fans, tossed their curls and chattered promiscuously; but none of them bestowed even a recognizing glance upon Horace. Florence's heart swelled until she thought it would burst her boddice. A few months before, she had seen these same people cringing and fawning before him, as if he were a demi-god. But there he stood now, in the old home of his boyhood, in the old library he had so loved, a lone and solitary man, not only homeless, but friendless.

The young girl's sympathies were deeply aroused; she could scarcely refrain from addressing him; nothing but her maidenly delicacy and timidity held her back. But it would be nothing more than common politeness to speak to him; he had been to her father's; he had even given her flowers from his garden—indeed it would be rude not to speak. But what should she say? Her woman's invention soon supplied her with an excuse; and going gracefully forward, she paused before the marble Apollo—so fair, so pure and heavenly in her virginal loveliness, that Apollo himself might have bowed down and worshipped her.

"Good evening, Mr. Kenilworth," she said, in her mellow, musical tones, so sweet and yet so mournful; "excuse me for interrupting your reverie."

The young man started, bent his dreamy blue eyes upon her for an instant, and then came out from his shadowy corner.

"Miss Florence Kent, I believe," he said, half doubtingly, then extending his hand and bowing deeply, "please excuse me, Miss Kent, I have not seen you for so long, that for the moment I failed to recognize you."

Florence smiled, that smile peculiar only to her mother and herself, and answered gently:

"No wonder, I came upon you so suddenly. But, Mr. Kenilworth, I beg leave to ask if, in your collection of books, you happen to have Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy—and if so, if you will be kind enough to let me read it? I have been trying ineffectually to obtain it for a month or two."

"I have it, Miss Kent; but it is an old copy, worn and marked, not fitting to lend a lady. My father's library contained a splendid volume—I'll speak to my cousin, and obtain it for you before you leave."

Florence made a quick, opposing gesture, and said, hastily:

"No, no, Mr. Kenilworth, I would—" then she paused, blushed, and seemed embarrassed; but after a moment regained her ladylike composure, and continued: "I would rather not—your cousin is a stranger—you are an old friend—please, be kind enough to lend me yours—I shall read it with more interest because of the marked passages."

Never did the far off tinkle of the approaching caravan fall with sweeter music on the ear of the way-worn traveller, perishing with thirst amid the burning sands of the desert, than did the pleasant words of that little, hesitating speech, on the heart of that lone and solitary man. His dreamy eyes lit up with sudden joy, and his voice was hurried and eager, as he said:

"Thank you, Miss Kent; I feel myself highly flattered; I'll send it down early to-morrow. Are you fond of reading philosophy?"

"I am fond of reading almost anything," she said, artlessly; "but I haven't many books—only a few Clifford gave me. I saw an extract from Hamilton some time ago, and have been anxious to read his works ever since."

"My collection of books is small—I am trying to buy back my old favorites," he said, glancing round the well-filled library with a mournful smile; "but they come in, like my means, very slowly. However, the few I have are valuable books, and you are welcome to any and all of them, Miss Kent, whenever you feel disposed to read them."

"Thank you, Mr. Kenilworth; I really did not expect such kindness—but I accept your generous offer—and maybe my little book-case may contain something not in yours—I'll hope so, at any rate."

The schoolmaster bowed and smiled, and would undoubtedly have continued the conversation had not farmer Kent appeared at that moment in search of his daughter, accompanied by the Attorney.

"Come, Florence," he said, pleasantly, "your mother's all ready, and the carriage is at the door—it's high time quiet country folks were in bed and asleep."

Florence testified her readiness to depart, but her truthful eyes belied her words. Just then she would gladly have tarried a little longer. The keen lawyer read her inclination at a single glance, and just the slightest curl distorted his smiling lip as he came forward and said blandly:

"I'm glad to see you enjoying yourself, Miss Florence; my books, I see, attract you even more than my music and flowers. And, Horace," he continued, turning kindly to his cousin, "I'm really gratified that my party has succeeded in drawing you out of your seclusion—do, for the future, be a little more social."

The schoolmaster bowed; and then, for a moment, they stood side by side in silence; and Florence and her father were both struck with the exceeding resemblance between them. They might have been taken for brothers, even for twin brothers, so much were they alike. The tall, firmly-knit figure; the broad expanse of chest; the high brow and dark, wavy hair; indeed the entire cast of features, were similar in both. Yet, to an actual observer, there were manifest and important points of difference. Lawrence's brow was inclined to recede—Horace's was broad and smooth; Lawrence's eyes were gray, and as keen and restless as an eagle's; Horace's were deeply, darkly, matchlessly blue, and as placid as a summer lake; Lawrence's lips, when he was not smiling or speaking, were always firmly compressed; Horace's were as full and tender as a woman's. They were, paradoxical as it may seem, exceedingly alike, and exceedingly unlike each other; and Florence thought as much as her eyes rested on them for a moment, standing side by side before the marble Apollo. The Attorney was the first to break the silence.

"If you must depart, Miss Florence," he said, proffering his arm with the most enchanting humility, "permit me to conduct you down."

Florence could do n

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, September 10, 1862.

MILITARY EDUCATION FOR OFFICERS

The fierce rebel raids breaking through our lines only illustrate the maxim of Gen. Brown in the war of 18?, a maxim which has since been considered of the highest importance in a military point of view. "Attack the enemy at all odds." A small, desperate and determined force can thus keep three and four times their number in a state of perpetual alarm. Why then do we not attack, too, instead of waiting to be attacked? The reason is, that the inhabitants of the country where we are operating are unfriendly to us, but friendly to the enemy, withholding information from us of their approaches and forces, but communicating it all freely to them, where injurious to us. In reply to this it is urged that we ought to be able to get information from the contrabands at least, if not from the whites, and it is perhaps a pensity that we pay for pride and our distrust of them that we are prevented getting better information from them. The want of bolder horsemen led by alert officers like those educated at West Point, is also severely felt. Those that we have are placed so high in command that but few are left to lead a dashing cavalry charge.

These misfortunes have led to the inquiry whether one or two modifications of the West Point rules might not make the system twice as effective. At the present time there are large numbers of young men, some of whom have just graduated at various colleges, and others in the higher classes, desirous of serving their country, but of doing it in the most efficient manner. They want to obtain a West Point education, but all applications are vain. There is no vacancy. They would gladly pay not only the cost, but two or three times the cost to have their names on the roll, so that when duly prepared they might enter the service physically and scientifically trained and duly rated.

What we propose is that the friends of such persons should be allowed to deposit a sufficient sum of money to cover all costs, and then enter in all respects as the other West Point students, subject to all the same rules and regulations, examinations and future services. If it doubled the number of students, those thus brought in would be enthusiasts in the service. Some whose previous education was sufficient to accelerate their course, might, perhaps, even if needed in the service, pass their examinations more rapidly than the regular classes. If this plan had been adopted years ago, or but a year ago, we might even now have had a number of young men capable of being of great efficiency in an emergency. Young men thus educated would find it much easier to induce volunteers to trust themselves to their guidance; indeed, it is the want of good officers that makes it so much more desirable for recruits to enter old and experienced regiments than to form new ones.

We are aware of difficulties in the way of such an arrangement as we have suggested. Those who paid might possibly be disposed to assume some airs of consequence on that account. But the spirit of the regular cadets, especially if aided by the discipline of the institution, could soon break down all such silly assumptions as that. Perhaps there would be more danger of a feeling of exclusiveness working the other way. But merit will always make its mark with fair play. It might happen in time that such an arrangement would be found to bring together too large a proportion of students from some particular States or sections of the country, and jealousies might arise on that account. Should it work thus, regulations and limitations could at any time be made. But at present the case stands in this way. We need officers thoroughly educated for the duties of military life. Many young men are desirous of serving their country thus, and are willing to pay for it. The very instructions they need being given daily at West Point, would it not be well to let them share the benefit at any rate, till the present emergency is supplied. It would give the country a larger number of officers to select from at any moment, and those who will become officers, and have the charge of the lives of hundreds and thousands, and the defence of the country committed to them, the opportunity of a better military education. Either this must be adopted, or our State should at once institute in this city, or at Harrisburg, some school for military instruction of cadets, so that the officers commissioned by the State may be fit to lead our men to battle. Why should not the University of Pennsylvania have a military department of education?

THE LATE REBEL ATTACKS.

A few considerations borne in mind would have done much to mitigate the apprehensions felt by many of the Union men in Washington, last week, and even throughout the country. That it was a very formidable matter for the rebels to assume all of a sudden the offensive, as they did, and sweep our depots even at Manassas and Centreville, and reach within a few miles of the Capital, may and must be freely granted. It was calculated to make the bears have it all their own way in the stock market, and that it did so to no greater degree must have been owing to the more careful consideration which our capitalists give such matters, beyond what foreigners and superficial persons will be apt to take at first view, or even to believe until they see the final result.

It is, however, clear that the plan to assume the offensive against Washington was entered upon at the risk of letting us take Richmond. Of course they felt that the gain, in its immediate effect upon rebel prospects, would be vastly theirs could they thus exchange Capitals. It would bring the war up into Maryland at least, if not into Pennsylvania, with its abundant supplies of everything. Permanently it would only, if successful for the moment, have awakened the North to more strenuous exertions, and a sort of enlistment *en masse*. It was an able and a bold movement.

But it had always a hundred if not a thousand chances to one against its success. It was hardly possible that a force large enough to capture Washington, could give our armies the slip, or wedge their way in between them so as to capture Arlington Heights, or open permanent communications of their own, before our men could overtake them. Divide and conquer is the ancient maxim. But to beat our armies in succession, though a favorite plan of Napoleon, would have required the genius of more than a Napoleon to execute it in this case. We had calculated every inch of the ground, and had our forces packed, and so supporting each other, that the slightest check until we could concentrate, was certain to defeat the whole scheme.

It was, therefore, from the first, a desperate scheme—a forlorn hope formed on the maxim of attacking the enemy at all odds—a bold attempt, by cutting through our lines, either at Manassas for Washington, or on the Point of Rocks for Baltimore, to relieve their Capital by attacking ours.

If, indeed, we had not got information of what was intended in time, and had gone on besieging Richmond, there is no doubt that we should have gained a barren triumph there, at the expense of disaster at Washington. Or if we had defended Washington successfully at Arlington Heights, have been subjected to incursions, by way of Harper's Ferry, into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

For the certain and final triumph of our arms, the course pursued by the rebels was and is the most effectual. So long as our operations were confined to pursuing the enemy through the South, who were simply acting on the defensive, a certain degree of langour overtook our forces, and indisposition to push matters to extremities. Many who were not so enthusiastic in that as to make the necessary sacrifices, now that they find the consequences of the slightest relaxation of vigilance to be not a defensive warfare, but the old mad and determined effort at the conquest of the North, the capture of the Capital, and the destruction of our government, will relax no more. It would seem as if this madness was beginning to rise to just such a height as to remove every vestige of excuse, and unite the whole North and border States, to the last loyal man, in every needful effort to crush out the whole of this foul conspiracy. A few determined blows now, and the requisite amount of brains to direct them, and the enemies we have seen within this week we shall see no more forever. Had this attack of theirs been made a fortnight earlier, before our recruits began to come in, and before we were as well prepared, the result might have been far more disastrous, for the time.

BRIBING THEM TO A PEACE.

The desperate condition to which the rebels are reduced by the war is shown in their readiness to offer bribes to the Northerners to make a peace. Mr. Foote, in the rebel House of Representatives, has introduced a bill, granting to the Northwestern States the free navigation of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to their mouths, if they will desist from further hostilities. The rebels find they made a great mistake when they planted batteries upon the Mississippi, and undertook to control the navigation of a stream which washes so many independent States. Having the mouth of the river, they thought, in their arrogance, that they could close it to commerce and trade, and so punish the Northwestern States for voting for Lincoln, and bring them to terms, though injuring their interests. The Northwest was not disposed to hold its natural advantages by sufferance of any other State. It knew how essential free navigation was to its own prosperity, and when this was impeded it resolved to open it again with its bayonets. Gallantly it has virtually accomplished this task, and needs no favors now from the rebel States, for the arm that opened it can keep it from being again closed. When the rebels offer free navigation of the Mississippi, they offer what they cannot prevent, if they had the will. The Mississippi always will be free to trade, and this is one of the difficulties the "Confederacy" would experience, if they were to succeed in their mad ambition of severing the Union. They would come into collision with the Northwestern States the moment they attempted to exercise sovereignty over that river, and impose restrictions upon the trade above. The North west will never consent to hold its rights to the freedom of these waters by any stipulation or treaty which might be revoked thereafter. It will hold them by the right of independent States and the unity of the country.

IRON AND PENNSYLVANIA.

Every discovery in physical science, and every advance in the practices and wants of civilized man, proves how closely and how singularly iron is connected with every movement. The physician gives it to us as a tonic, and the chemist finds it giving redness to the globules of our blood. Iron colors the light of the sun, and exists in the vapors that arise from our earth. Its use in war determines the fate of nations, and in the form of machinery, railroad iron and telegraph wire, it is the great source of progress in all the labors of peace.

Pennsylvania, as the great iron State, and especially as her anthracite is now also used in its manufacture, has more interest than any other State of the Union, in all that pertains to its progress. In 1740 but about 8,000 tons per annum were manufactured in England, and perhaps 35,000 tons were imported. In 1840 it had increased to 1,400,000 tons, and in 1860 it exceeded 4,150,000 tons. The discovery of the hot blast seems to have produced one of the greatest revolutions in the manufacture of iron, increasing the quantity by reducing the price; but also reducing the quality to such a degree as seriously to impair the entire character of English iron goods of nearly all kinds. All the effects of the hot blast are not agreed upon, but the chief is this, that while iron of a very excellent quality *can* be produced by it, the facilities for making an inferior article are so much increased, that very large quantities are produced of no earthly use *except to sell*. In every department of English manufactured iron, of late years, the character of the iron is found, in consequence, to be so much inferior to that of former days, that every encouragement is afforded to the enterprise of manafacturers in this State, who are prepared to secure and maintain a character for quality.

It is, however, clear that the hot blast iron in England is rapidly superceding the cold. In 1840, 770,000 tons, or *one-half* the whole make of the country, was cold blast. But, in 1860, only 150,000 tons, or not much more than *one-thirtieth* of the whole, was cold blast. All this renders it clear that the superior cheapness in production of hot blast, instead of cold, is going to be realized in the whole future of the world's history. This is of the highest importance, because every year works requiring larger and larger masses of the best iron are causing an increased demand for all that the world can produce. Railroads may be said to have commenced the movement. Iron houses have helped it on. Iron ship-building has produced such, much cheaper, more commodious and durable vessels, that they would entirely supercede in England all wooden ships, but for the frauds that are practiced of putting in iron of an inferior quality. The iron plating of ships of war is, however, going to call into use larger masses of this metal than anything yet conceived, except, indeed, the iron casing of Forts, which is already following. There is a necessary limit to the thickness of the plates used on vessels, or they will sink; and it is at last admitted in England that no plating that can be put on a vessel will render her absolutely impregnable to the bolts of iron that can be hurled against her. But whatever may be the opinion on that point, there is no doubt that iron forts can and will be constructed of a thickness to defy shot, while the processes of M. Nasmer will, perhaps, convert the whole into steel, at a price almost as low as merchant iron.

When the whole of these movements are considered, the size of the iron machinery necessary to move these vast engines of war, the size of the cannon and the size of the shot, it becomes clear that those States which can produce it in largest quantities, and at the cheapest prices, must rise to the highest importance among the nations of the earth. The *quality* of the iron is of not less importance especially for all the larger purposes, whether it be for the shaft of a steam-engine, or the plating of a ship-of-war, the cannon or the shot fired from it.

It is, therefore, as certain as the progress of civilization, that the Iron Works of Pennsylvania must go on developing themselves, not merely as they have during the last ten years, but in future at a more rapid rate, and to the end of time, and that every process of economy in price, or improvement in quality, is certain to pay eventually, and to raise the State to be increasingly the Keystone of the Union, if not of the world.

THE REBEL FORWARD MOVEMENT.

The movement resolved upon by the leaders of rebellion, to attempt an invasion of the Northern and Western States, so as to keep the desolation of war from their own territory, though ridiculed when announced a month or two ago, seems to be in process of execution. Their main army is now threatening Washington and Maryland, and a large force of rebels is at Lexington, on near Cincinnati, that the male citizens of that place have thought it necessary to arm for its defence. The recent military successes of the rebels have inspired them with renewed ardor, and their armies appear to be numerous and well filled. Every man seems to make the cause his own, and to fight, if not with the animation of hope, at least with the desperation of despair, and the intensity of hate. They feel the strength and power of the Government in its resources, and know if it puts six hundred thousand men into the field, their sacrifices must be greater, and their dangers greatly increased. They mean to strike simultaneously along the whole border, in the hope of preventing the massing of this immense force and bringing it to bear upon their main army in Virginia. By activity and zeal, small bodies may do a great deal of mischief in Kentucky, as they did in Tennessee, but the arming of the militia of the State will tend to check the rebel operations in that quarter, and Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, have men enough yet to spare to take care of the rebels in Kentucky, without diverting any from the main purpose, the destruction of the rebel army in Virginia. With the troops now at Centreville and vicinity, the rebel army ought to be worsted and broken up, and if brains directed our military movements it would be. We have the best army in the world, and the worst managed one. Unless mind operates with numbers, our superiority in men and means will go for nothing. It is true the rebels have not shown any very extraordinary generalship, or they would have taken advantage of our blunders and annihilated our armies, instead of merely checking them with so many indecisive battles, equally destructive to both armies. In a contest of that kind the advantage must finally be on the side of numbers. A little brains would decide it more speedily.

ATTACKS ON OUR GENERALS.

In the wild excitement just now, not a small number of persons have thought to find relief from each disaster in abusing some general or other officer as the cause of every misfortune. Not mere want of ability, which ought to be criticised, but treachery and treason have been charged, or an absurd rumor is started in regard to one officer in general terms, and transferred to another without hesitation. The first great evil done is to the public, whose faith thus is disturbed in the best and safest men, and pinned only to those who can make up the most flaming despatches. It is this carelessness as to truth which creates a general a distrust of all intelligence, good or bad, until confirmed three or four times over. The injustice done to individual character is in some cases so cruel and wicked as to make the best men dread the public service in any form or shape. It has long been the case that to accept office, or even the nomination for office of any sort, has been to render oneself the target for a thousand poisoned arrows. But where a man in times like these, at the expense of everything most dear, devotes his life and best power to the service of his country, it is hard indeed to find the grossest calumnies heaped upon him.

There is nothing worse than all this, except perhaps the remedy, *i. e.* the utter suppression of all truth, if in any way unpleasant, by some over-zealous public officer going beyond all his authority, and thinking thus to promote the public welfare or secure some favor. Tallyrand used to say that "zeal" was one of the most dangerous qualities in the civil service. Were our military officers more zealous against the enemy, and our civil officers less zealous against the press, we should get along no worse. No doubt there are many indiscreet reports sent on and published, and those sending them, in many cases, should be made answerable, but it should be by the courts of law, and not by what has simply the appearance of arbitrary authority. One conviction, after a fair trial, would be worth in point of public effect a dozen suppressions and arrests by military orders, the persons to be released again as soon as their arrest has produced a clamor or occasioned severe comment.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—Some of the journals argue that the sudden appearance of Jackson upon Pope's rear, was part of a plan laid by Pope, who wanted him to enter Thoroughfare Gap, so that he could catch him. This is a very ingenious theory, and gives the character of finesse to what the public supposed a very stupid blunder; but, to render the theory more plausible, it ought to be shown that now Pope has got the enemy in, how he means to get him out, again. This is a part of the plan which does not seem to work as satisfactorily as its successful operation in the first instance would seem to warrant.

GOV. CURTIN RECOMMENDS ORGANIZATION AND DRILLING.—Gov. Curtin, in his proclamation, recommends the organization of volunteer military corps and that places of business be closed in the afternoon, to give an opportunity for all the able-bodied male population to perfect themselves in military duties.

HEREDITARY PROPENSITIES.

If a hen sits on ducks' eggs, the young ones will run into the water in spite of all parental instruction to the contrary, and they know how to swim without teaching, and accomplish that which no instruction could enable chickens to succeed in. We say it is instinct—an hereditary propensity. It certainly is not education. But still whence comes this wisdom of the webfoot? this instinctive disposition to act in a certain manner? In the broad end of every egg, there is a certain warmth quite sensible at all times to the tongue so long as the egg is living. It is in this germ of life that the disposition is transmitted to move in a certain manner, and to perceive in itself intuitively certain powers, and shall we say duties.

These propensities in all living creatures are capable within certain limits of variation. The only difficulty is to decide how much these variations from the original instinct are the result of instruction by the parent, and how much they are, strictly speaking, hereditary. Probably this can only be accurately determined by experiments, made with birds hatched from the egg by parents of different propensities. Probably Mr. Blitz, who has trained so many canaries, to perform all sorts of wonderful and amusing tricks, could show that some of them are coming to perform them instinctively and hereditarily.

It is said to be an ascertained fact in regard to dogs, that the progeny of a trained setter will often set without training, and where they have been separated from all dogs ever since their birth that did set; and, it is known that the pups of one taught to beg for its food will often instinctively beg. From this results a theory that may possibly comprehend the whole law of instinct in one far more general, namely, that every act of the mind tends to produce a certain corresponding action of the body—every bodily action first produced by a distinct effort of the will tends to produce an habitual or involuntary action of the same kind instinctively whenever the same antecedent occasion presents itself; and finally, that every habitual or instinctive act of the individual tends to propagate itself hereditarily in the life of the offspring.

The consequences of this, if true, upon human character and habits are the most important, because the circumstances and conditions in which different races of men are found are the most various. It is certain that in the islands of the Pacific, the children seem to take to the water of themselves almost instinctively, and swim about as soon as they can walk, and with not much more fear of death from swimming than from walking or climbing.

The effect of this upon the history of nations must, if true, be very great, and therefore the more surprising that one so fond of extensive generalizations as Mr. Buckle, should declare "we cannot safely assume that there has been any permanent improvement in the moral or intellectual faculties of man; nor have we any decisive ground for saying that those faculties are likely to be greater in an infant born in the most civilized parts of Europe, than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country." In the most civilized parts of Europe are some of the most uncivilized families, the most uneducated individuals; but when Mr. Buckle goes on to deny that we have "any proof of the existence of hereditary virtues or vices," we have before us extremes on opinion on this important subject.

The truth seems to be that having but so much vital force, what is gained in power by instinctive exertion in one direction, is to a degree lost in some other, yet upon the whole in the course of ages of intellectual culture, Dr. Pritchard thinks that the brain cases of the present inhabitants of Great Britain are much larger than those of their forefathers. By the proper union of physical, intellectual and moral culture, the race of man is unquestionably capable of receiving in the course of ages the most wonderful improvement. Where Christianity has operated, as it has in Europe for ages, its effects are very marked in elevating the character, and whether this be through education alone, or also through improved and more intellectual and moral instincts, *all* is in a broad sense hereditary.

WAR NEWS.

A Daily Digest of the News of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 3, 1862.

Lexington, Ky., was evacuated by the Unionists on Monday afternoon. The Lexington operator closed his office on Monday evening, with the announcement that Kirby Smith was before the city, and had demanded its surrender which was complied with by the citizens. The public archives were removed to Frankfort, and one million in treasure from the banks of Richmond, Lexington and Frankfort has arrived at Louisville, where the headquarters of the Adjutant General of the State are established. The greatest excitement prevails throughout that section of the State, and the Union citizens are rallying at the call of the Governor.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal states that the rebel guerrilla Morgan was at Glasgow on Saturday last and destroyed all the indictments recently found for treason, to the number of over a hundred. The telegraph is again in operation to Nashville.

It was reported at Cairo on Monday that Gen. Buell had a fight with the rebels at Chattanooga on Wednesday and Thursday. The first day's fight, it is said, turned to the advantage of neither party. The second day brought repulse to the enemy. If the telegraphic report relative to this affair may be relied upon, Buell has taken 7,000 prisoners.

It was rumored in Nashville on Wednesday last, that a battle was fought on the previous Sunday between the Union forces, under Gen. Alex. McCook, and the rebel army, under Gen. Bragg, near Altamonte, in which Bragg was repulsed with great slaughter.

A severe engagement is reported to have taken place on Monday evening near Chantilly, about two miles north of Fairfax Court House, in which the enemy, comprising a portion of Jackson's forces, were driven back a mile by a part of the army of General Pope. Our loss was very heavy, and included General Kearney and General Stevens, both of whom were shot while leading their respective commands into action.

The news from the West continues most important. The rebels are pressing northwards through Kentucky in the direction of Covington, on the banks of the Ohio river opposite Cincinnati. Business was entirely suspended in the latter city, and martial law is proclaimed in the cities of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport by General Lewis Wallace, who announced in his proclamation on Tuesday that it is but fair to inform the citizens that an active, daring and powerful enemy threaten them with every consequence of war; that the cities must be defended, and the inhabitants assist in the preparations; that all business must be suspended at nine o'clock that day. Every business house must be closed. Under the direction of the Mayor the citizens must assemble an hour after the suspension of business, assemble at convenient public places, ready for orders, and as soon as possible they will be assigned to their work. The evacuation of Cynthiana by our troops and the advance of the rebels under Humphrey Marshall upon that point was reported. It is evident that the enemy are making a retrogressive movement in the West, which will require all the watchfulness of our generals to check.

FRIDAY, Sept. 5, 1862.

So far as we are informed our army in Virginia is mainly located in its old quarters of last winter—in the immediate vicinity of Washington. The new levies are arriving at the rate of several thousand a day, and a thorough reorganization of our vast force is being made. There are rumors from many sources of the intention of the rebels to invade the North by crossing the Potomac near Louisville. It is even stated that the tories of Maryland are in full communication with the enemy, and doing much to aid them in their project of cursing Northern soil with the horrors of war. We are, however, assured that the military authorities fully appreciate the plans of the rebel Generals, and are prepared to thwart them.

There was considerable fighting on Tuesday between Fairfax Court House and Washington, in which Hooker's and Fitz John Porter's commands did effective service in protecting the rear of our army, as it moved into the fortifications on the Virginia side of the Potomac. It was reported in Washington on Wednesday, that the rebels had made their appearance on the Potomac, between Leesburg and the Chain Bridge, as if designing to cross into Maryland. Winchester, Va., has been evacuated by our forces, and it is believed that the massing of our troops will foil any attempt of the enemy to invade Maryland. Adjutant Quidas, of the 49th Georgia Regiment, who, with 17 of his men, was captured by our forces during the late engagements, says that Jackson is with Ewell, in the Shenandoah Valley, at the head of a considerable force. The Adjutant tells a pitiful story about the destitution and suffering among the rebel ranks. Some of the paroled prisoners lately arrived in Washington state that the rebel General Ewell had died of his wounds, and that Gen. Lee was slightly wounded in the hand by the accidental discharge of his own pistol.

The guerrillas in the West do not appear to have matters all their own way. Col. Shackleford, of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, has killed and captured a number of A. R. Johnson's band, at Morganfield, and is pursuing the remainder. It is reported that the rebel Forrest and his entire force were taken on Tuesday evening at Alexandria, near Lebanon, Tenn., by a joint expedition from McMinnville, Murfreesboro and Lebanon.

The Evening Times, of Cincinnati, has been suppressed for publishing an article censuring the Administration in the conduct of the war. Troops continue to pour into Cincinnati. The defences of the city are progressing rapidly. Troops are being sent from Indianapolis to Louisville and Cincinnati. A gunboat has been ordered to ply on the Ohio river, between Louisville and the mouth of the Wabash river.

Martial law is in full force in Cincinnati. All the citizens are compelled to enroll themselves in their respective wards, and are to be organized and sworn duty in the fortifications.

Reports of the Invasion of Maryland.

OCCUPATION OF FREDERICK.

The Potomac Said to be Crossed at Three Points.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 7.—Frederick, Maryland, was undoubtedly occupied yesterday morning, between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, by the rebels. Part of the rebel force turned off at Buckeytown, as if going either toward the Washington road or the Baltimore pike.

The crossing of the Potomac was effected at three different points.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—It has been known for several days past that the rebels have been moving up the valley, apparently with a view of passing into Maryland. Reports have reached Washington from time to time of their having made attempts to cross. The most correct rumor this morning was, that a detachment of cavalry and artillery had for a while reconnoitered on the Maryland side and then returned to the Virginia shore. This came from farmers residing in the vicinity; but it now appears that it was not at only one point that they made an attempt to cross. Their transit, and camp fires, and the false rumors which they themselves were instrumental in circulating, were doubtless intended to deceive our forces while they were intently engaged in the consummation of their designs.

TO-NIGHT, it is said, that they have crossed into Maryland near the Point of Rocks and the Monocacy, and now occupy the town of Frederick in force. Military men think that this movement of the enemy is favorable for operations upon our side.

There is no doubt of the fact that the enemy is in strong force, and posted at several points on the opposite shore.

Considerable bodies of infantry were plainly visible from this side during the day, and the camp fires at night indicate the presence of a larger force of rebels than was at first supposed.

Movements of the Rebels.

SEIZURE OF THE MONOCACY BRIDGE—THE UNION TROOPS RETIRE—LOYALISTS FLEEING INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.—It appears from private accounts that the rebels crossed the Potomac river on Friday night and early Saturday morning, and from thence marched to White Oak Springs, within three miles of Frederick. They crossed both above and below the Point of Rocks, and did it as speedy and quiet a manner as possible.

One of their first acts was to send a force to cut the telegraph wire and seize the bridge over the Monocacy.

The regiment guarding this point evacuated their position on Friday.

Great numbers of persons were leaving Frederick all day yesterday, and proceeding towards Pennsylvania.

Accounts from Hagerstown say that many known refugees from Virginia have arrived there.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.—No further information regarding rebel movements in Maryland has transpired up to noon.

THE LATEST.

FREDERICK OCCUPIED BY 5,000 REBELS UNDER GEN HILL—CATTLE AND HORSES BOUGHT AND SENT TO THE POTOMAC.

BALTIMORE, Sept 7.—Fugitives who left Frederick last night, report that the city was occupied by about 5000 rebels under Gen Hill, consisting of cavalry, artillery and infantry.

The rebels had issued a proclamation promising the protection of private property.

A Provost Guard had been appointed.

Purchases were being made in U. S. Treasury notes of cattle and horses, which were being sent back towards the river.

BALTIMORE, Sept 7.—Further reports from Frederick say that Bradley T. Johnson was made Provost Marshal. The rebel troops passed through the town, and encamped in Wirman's woods, about a mile beyond the city.

The Threatened Rebel Raid in Maryland.

FREDERICK, Sept. 5.—As you may well imagine, this city is in a state of great anxiety and excitement. Rumors of all kinds regarding the movements and operations of both our own and the rebel army meet you every where. To day it is reported that the rebels, under General Jackson, have crossed the Potomac, near the mouth of the Monocacy, and are marching towards Frederick, and only ten miles off. This is, of course, untrue. It is true, however, that a large rebel force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery are near Conrad's Ferry, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. A party of our cavalry engaged in reconnoitering along the tow path of the canal in that vicinity yesterday, were fired upon by the enemy, and two of our horses were killed.

THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF THE REBELS ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

The first real information, however, that we had of the approach of the enemy in force up the river was on Monday last. Capt. Cole, with 150 of the 1st Maryland cavalry, was engaged in reconnoitering the country in the neighborhood of Leesburg, when he suddenly came upon a column of rebel horsemen, under Fitz Hugh Lee, estimated at 2000 men.

A skirmish ensued, in which Captain Cole's company got decidedly the worst of it, and only effected their escape across the river with a loss in killed, wounded and missing of nearly one-third of their number. Captain Cole, having received a reinforcement, pushed across the river once more, with the intention of avenging the loss he had sustained, when, to his astonishment, he discovered, not only cavalry and infantry and artillery in large numbers, and he hastily fled with the information

Our forces are now ready for any movement the rebels may in their judgment deem it proper to make along the river. The bridges along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad are guarded by infantry and artillery, so that our communications with the base of operations are rendered secure also.

The movements and plans of the rebels at present, from all I can learn, are as follows:—Jackson is to march from Leesburg to Winchester, with sixty thousand men. He actually commenced this march yesterday. At Winchester the column is to be divided. One will cross the river at Williamsport, and thus commence an invasion of Maryland, while the other will march northward by way of Cumberland, towards Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. These are actually the plans of the rebels. Meanwhile, they will keep our forces engaged protecting Washington, while they are making a raid which will either force a peace or a European recognition. Having crossed the river at Williamsport, the rebel design is to march to Hagerstown, six miles from the Potomac, thence southward to this city, twenty-six miles from Hagerstown. Here they expect to be joined by ten thousand men, and then commence their march to Baltimore, which is about fifty miles from here by the turnpike road. By the time this city is reached, they calculate on having fifty thousand oppressed Marylanders in their ranks.

If the rebel leaders were aware of the hatred with which they are regarded by the people of this State, they would hesitate to commence a raid upon Maryland. Even the secessionists of Maryland regard an invasion of the State by the rebel army, in its present condition, as anything but an agreeable prospect. They are aware that it would have to live on the country through which it passed, and that they might far better have a flock of locusts. Many of the loyal Marylanders are already preparing to cooperate with the army in driving back the rebels, if they should have the temerity to invade the State. But, after all, there need be but little apprehension, for we have sufficient force guarding the various fords of the Upper Potomac, and all within supporting distance of each other, while reinforcements are arriving every day. Besides this there are supporting columns in their rear, and some heavy columns on the turnpike. The loyal Marylanders exclaim, "Let the rebels come on."

THE INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

DESTRUCTION OF BRIDGES.

SPIRITED FIGHT WITH THE REBELS.

FRIDAY, Sept. 5, 1862.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 6.—On Sunday last, Col. Shackelford met a force of rebels at Morganfield, surprised them, killing some and taking several prisoners. Col. Shackelford then divided his forces, sending Lieut. Colonel Foster with two companies of cavalry in the direction of Slaughterville. Foster overtook a part of the rebels, killed 2, took 23 prisoners and 40 horses.

On Wednesday morning, Colonel Shackelford started for the rebel camp of Col. Johnson, on Geyer Lake. He drove in the rebel pickets, routed Johnson, and took possession of the rebel camp. Johnson then rallied on the opposite side of the Lake, and opened fire. Col. S. then dismounted his men, and with their carbines they fought the rebels, 900 strong, for two hours, until their ammunition was exhausted, having killed and wounded several. The United States troops then retreated in an orderly manner, recrossing the Lake. The rebels advancing down the lake, Col. Shackelford ordered a charge, leading in person. Col. Shackelford had his foot torn by leaden slugs from the rebel cannon, which also killed his horse. Our troops then burned the rebel camp and guns, and fell back in good order. Our loss was none killed and 9 wounded, including the Colonel.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 7.—The rebels yesterday burned three bridges over Benson creek, on the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, about 60 miles east of here. The trains this afternoon went no further than Lagrange.

The passenger train for Bowling Green, which left at 7 o'clock this morning, returned from this side of Shepherdsville, twenty miles south of here, bringing reports that a small United States force in stockades protecting the Salt River bridge, were attacked this morning by a large force of rebel cavalry, with artillery, supposed to be mountain howitzers. When our informant left, there was a heavy musketry and cannonading. Reinforcements have been sent from here, but the bridge will probably be destroyed before their arrival. There is no telegraphic communication with any point of south of Louisville.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 7.—General Order No. 11, issued by Gen. Wright, to day, says:—General Wallace is relieved from duty at Cincinnati, and will repair to Covington, where he will make his head-quarters for the present, and will proceed to organize into brigades the troops mustered into service and concentrating at and in the vicinity of Newport and Covington. Major James H. Simpson, U. S. Topographical Engineers, is charged with the construction of such field works deemed necessary for defensive purposes in the vicinity of Newport and Covington. He will proceed to examine and report the entrenchments already thrown up, and will extend them, if it should be deemed advisable.

Lt. Col S. W. Burbank, 12th U. S. Infantry, will continue to discharge the duties of Military Commander in Cincinnati, and from him all volunteer organizations for military companies will receive instructions.

The resumption of all business in the city, except the sale of liquor, is hereby authorized until 4 o'clock, P. M., daily. Druggists, manufactories of breadstuffs, provision dealers, railroad, express and transportation companies, persons connected with the public press, and all persons doing business for the Government, will be allowed to pursue their vocations without interruption.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., daily, Sundays excepted, all the military organizations in this city will assemble for drill. Members of such organizations will hold themselves in readiness to rally at the places of rendezvous at a moment's warning. The signal for which will be the tolling of the city bells. The organization of all the able-bodied citizens into working corps will be effected with the aid of the city authorities, and details made from day to day as may be necessary, so as to equalize the burden and require from each man the proper amount of labor.

The Daily Press, last evening, announced its temporary suspension. All is quiet to-day.

Gen. Heath is reported at Williamstown with 30,000 men.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 7.—The President has concurred in the appointment of Chas. L. Gilbert as Major General, and Wm. R. Tirrell as Brigadier General.

Col. Warner, of the 18th Kentucky, son-in-law of Gen. Leslie Coombs, reported killed at the recent fight at Richmond, Ky., is there recovering from a severe wound. The rebels have burned all the bridges on the Louisville and Frankfort railroad, between Bagdad and Frankfort, except that across the Kentucky river and a small iron bridge over a creek.

SHEPHERDSVILLE, KEN., Sept. 7.—About 500 Rebel cavalry burned one section of the bridge over the Salt river, damaging but slightly the new iron bridge recently erected.

Gen. Dumont had his forces under arms all day at Lebanon Junction, expecting an attack by a Rebel force. All is quiet south of Lebanon Junction along the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

A Locomotive Ride from Covington to Near Lexington.

HAZARDOUS RECONNOITERING TRIP

AFFAIRS AT PARIS AND CYNTHIANA YESTERDAY

The Rebels at Lexington.

The Cincinnati Times of the 4th, has an account of an excursion made by Conductor Woodhull, down to Lexington, to ascertain something about the rebel advance. It says:

The party left Covington at half past eight yesterday morning. They proceeded cautious ly after leaving our lines, until they reached a point near Cynthiana, when they were notified that they could go ahead safely.

AT CYNTHIANA.

They went into Cynthiana with flag flying and whistle screaming.

They were immediately informed that no rebel troops were there nor had been near there! The National regiment stationed there had been frightened away by secessionists of the approach of Humphrey Marshall from Pikston. They destroyed all their stores, and even their own tents, so great was their hurry to get away. All this while the rebel citizens were laughing in their sleeves. Woodall dispatched the following characteristic despatches from Cynthiana.

"G. W. FULTON, Superintendent:

"We have taken Cynthiana without the loss of a man or the firing of a gun.

"Say to the craven-hearted who fled in fear, We came—we saw—and no rebels here."

"A. F. WOODALL,

"Brigadier General of Locomotive."

The Union residents of Cynthiana nearly all left when our skedaddling forces did. The Secesh were holding a sort of revelry.

AT PARIS.

The party proceeded on to Paris, meeting with no obstruction whatever. When at Cynthiana they observed several horsemen leave in a hurry, and they overhauled them some distance out and passed them. They were undoubtedly going to Paris to report. They found the same state of things there as at Cynthiana. The Secesh people, frightened at secession reports, had burned everything and retired. No rebel soldiers had been in or near Paris, but the Union citizens had nearly all left.

Recruiting offices for the rebel army were opened in the town, and recruiting going on quite briskly. A little incident occurred there. All the party but Engineer Lockwood were in the telegraph station, when a fellow attempted to pull the flag from the locomotive.

"Hands off," shouted Lockwood.

"This flag's got to come down," was the response; it's floated long enough in this section."

"It can't come down while I'm here," said the engineer, pulling out his revolver.

Both parties were about to fire, when citizens interceded and stopped the quarrel. The flag did not come down.

AT LEXINGTON.

Nothing daunted, the party proceeded on toward Lexington, intending to proceed as far as the rebel pickets.

They proceeded to within ten miles of the town, when they came to a burned bridge, which stopped them. They made quite a stay here, talking freely with the people. From reliable sources they learned the following to be the condition of affairs at Lexington: Monday morning, the town was entered by about fifty rebel cavalry. Monday afternoon, about 200 more came, and on Tuesday six thousand of Kirby Smith's infantry took possession of the place. No other force was there yesterday.

It is understood that Smith has marched to Frankfort with the remainder of his force. The troops at Lexington brought no prisoners, and were quartered on the Union citizens of the town. They do not propose to supply themselves, while in Kentucky, from any other source.

The party found considerable destitution along the line of the road. As a general thing, the farmers have had their larders cleared out, and have had hard work to get food enough to eat. Thousand paroled prisoners captured at Richmond, who had been paroled, were found stretched along the road. They had not been furnished with provisions, and as food was scarce on the road, many of them were almost starved.

The railroad is unharmed, except the burnt bridge ten miles north of Lexington. This is attributed a great deal to the policy which makes rebel citizens pay for the damage. They exert themselves now to protect the road.

SMITH'S PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation, printed, was circulated all through the country:

"KENTUCKIANS—The army of the Confederate States has again entered your territory under my command.

"Let no one make you believe we come as invaders, to coerce your will, or to exercise control over your soil. Far from it. The principle we maintain is, that Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.

"I shall enforce the strictest discipline, in order that the property of citizens and non combatants may be protected. I shall be compelled to procure subsistence for my troops among you, and this shall be paid for.

"KENTUCKIANS—We come not as invaders; but liberators. We invoke the spirit of your resolutions of 1798. We come to arouse you from the lethargy which enshrouds your free thought, and foreboces the political death of your State.

"We come to test the truth of what we believe to be a foul aspersion, that Kentuckians willingly join the attempt to subjugate us, and to deprive us of our property, our liberty, and our dearest rights.

"We come to strike off the chains which are riveted upon you. We call upon you to unite your arms and join with us in hurling back from our fair and sunny plains the Northern hordes who would deprive us of our liberty, that they may enjoy our substance.

"Are we deceived? Can you treat us as enemies? Our hearts answer NO!

"KIRBY SMITH.

"Major General C. S. A."

The War in the Southwest.

CAIRO, Sept. 2.—The guns captured up the Yazoo, on the rebel steamer Fairplay, were yesterday turned over to the military, and will be used to arm the new regiments. The following despatches, written in cypher, were received by General Tuttle to-day:

"JACKSON, Tenn., Aug. 28, P. M.—To Gen. Tuttle: Bolivar is reported invested by a heavy force under General Price. There is a

ARMY AND NAVY.

THE IRONSIDES.—The frigate New Ironsides, Captain Turner, returned to this port on Tuesday night, and anchored off the Navy Yard. On the way up from the Breakwater she made ten miles an hour, against a strong head wind, and against the tide part of the distance. The machinery worked admirably, and Captain Turner expresses his entire satisfaction with the vessel. Yesterday the crew of the Ironsides was transfered to the receiving ship Princeton, preparatory to the vessel being hauled to the central pier at the Navy Yard, which will be done this morning. Her spars are to be put in at once, and as soon as that is done, and some alteration made to the steering apparatus, she will leave for the South. She will remain here for a few days only.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, September 10, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subscription to the Dollar Newspaper, PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to the getter up of the Club	15 00
Club of Thirty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	25 00
Club of Fifty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	40 00
Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to the getter up of the Club	75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

"FAITHFUL FOREVER."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ADMIRAELE PRIZE STORY OF "ZAIDEE; OR, THE RUBY CROSS."

This long-announced story we commence in the present number of the "Dollar Newspaper." It is a *love* story, in the intensest signification of the term. It may be doubted whether a stronger instance of devoted attachment could be shown than that of the heroine. Yet it is not improbable. Woman's nature is capable of the firmest attachment. Like the clinging vine, it seems to depend more on the strength of others than upon itself. We read of instances of noble self-sacrifice in the the pages of history, where the names of the actors have been handed down to posterity; and if we believe them, why may we not meet them in the walks of every-day life? The authoress has taken for her text the following passage, and skilfully has she worked it up into a thrilling story:

"Dark is our fate,
And terrible the storm that lowers o'er us;
But nothing, till that latest agony,
Tha severs thee from Nature, shall unloose
This fixed and sacred bond In thy dark prison-house,
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee."

The plot is simple, probable, and well constructed; the language good, and the moral unexceptionable. It is a different style of story from "Zaidee;" the range of characters more limited, and the work, as a whole, not so elaborate; but, in its way, it is equally as good. There is a vigor and freshness about this authoress which tickle the appetite of the reader, and make him devour all that is set before him. It is a story that will be popular with the ladies, and is evidently the production of a talented woman.

The following is a brief

SKETCH OF THE PLOT:

Horace and Arthur Kenilworth, cousins, are rivals for the hand of Florence Kent, a rich farmer's daughter. Arthur has wrongfully possessed himself of Horace's estate, who, in his poverty, becomes the village schoolmaster. Florence prefers the schoolmaster and rejects the squire, who resolves on vengeance, while pretending to be still the friend of his cousin. Clifford Kent, a brother of Florence, and a wild boy, having been crossed in love, resolves to travel, and on the evening before his departure, visits the schoolmaster, to bid him good-by, when they laughingly talk of their poverty, and speak of borrowing money from the village usurer. Clifford draws up a check and shows it to Horace, who says he can do it better, and also draws up one. After expressing admiration at the imitation, the thing is thought no more of, the papers are left on the desk and the young men separate. The next morning Arthur Kenilworth visits the school-house, finds the draft, dates it, presents it to the miser's banker, giving the name of Horace Kenilworth, and gets the money. The consent of the farmer to the marriage of Florence having been obtained, that event is about to take place, when Horace is arrested for forgery. He, thinking that probably Clifford Kent has offered the note, and rather than expose the brother of his affianced, resolves to bear the penalty himself. Circumstances being strong against him, he is convicted and sentenced for ten years; and herein lies the devotion of Florence, who resolves to wait the expiration of the sentence. Clifford, however, returns, ferrets out the guilty party, and establishes the innocence of Horace, and all is made right.

Those of our readers who wish to command the whole story—and no one who remembers the admirable story of "Zaidee," by the same authoress, will hardly consent to be without it—should at once send in their subscriptions, as few extra copies will be printed, and no provision has yet been made to have it issued in book form.

THE SITUATION.

The various rumors and improbable reports which make up the substance of the Telegraph despatches from the seat of war in Virginia and Kentucky, must be received with much allowance for exaggeration and misstatement. The correspondents who undertake to furnish the press with intelligence by telegraph, are not always reliable and competent persons, able to discriminate between what is positively known to be true, and what is only surmised or inferred to be true, or reported upon insufficient foundation. Some of them think a sensational paragraph is more welcome to the press than the plain unvarnished fact, and exercise their fancy more than their judgment in relating the occurrences of the war. Reports which when started originally, are accompanied with many qualifications, are caught up and sent to distant places as absolute facts, without any qualification at all, and we have to wait the slow process of time for the sober truth. It is remarkable how great the contrast is between the press despatches from distant places, and the statements in the journals whence the reports are supposed to be sent. Saturday we had positive statements from Washington that the rebels had crossed at the Point of Rocks into Maryland and occupied positions on this side. But the Washington papers only gave these as rumors, and having no other foundation than the crossing of a small body of the rebel cavalry on scouting expeditions. On Sunday it was again announced that the rebels were in Frederick with a force from 50,000 to 80,000, and that night the latest report reduced the rebel force down to the first mentioned number. The telegraph reports from Cincinnati would seem to imply that there was great danger of the invasion of that city by the rebels, but the Cincinnati journals take the matter as coolly as if no such danger existed. Ohio is arming for any possible contingency, but the invasion is from their side into Kentucky.

The rebels undoubtedly will get into Maryland and Ohio if they can, and would like to revel in the riches of the Pennsylvania farms, of which they have talked so much, that it seems as tempting to them as the promised land. But the difficulties in the way are known as well to the rebel leaders as they are to our Generals, and the dangers attending the experiment are causing hesitancy and delay. They may make sudden dashes across into the territory of the loyal States at undefended points and inflict mischief, but if they attempt to put their main army there it must be the grossest mismanagement and incapacity in our leaders, if the whole of it is not captured. The further they advance northwardly, the more they expose themselves to the danger of being entirely cut off, and it would seem no difficult task now for an enterprising General to inflict great injury upon them in their present situation. There are troops enough at Washington to annihilate the rebel army if they are only properly led and properly handled. But our army must not sit down on the defensive, waiting for an attack. With such a bold and audacious enemy as it has to contend with, it must be diligently at work, assaulting him wherever found, harrassing him in the whole of his progress, cutting off his supplies, capturing his scouting parties and forcing him to give battle at a disadvantage. By putting him upon the defensive at every step of his progress, he will be worn out and crippled beyond the power of recovery, so that advance will be impossible, and a long retreat over the ground he has already passed, should be his utter destruction. If we have the proper generalship in our leaders, this is what we expect to see, but if this is not speedily done, the citizens of Pennsylvania should be up and arming for their own defence, for their own right arms will be more protective to them than the great army at Washington.

THE NEW YORK MILITIA REGIMENTS.—The New York three months' militia regiments left Washington while the late battles were in progress, their term of service having expired. Since then a committee from these regiments have informed the Government that they will gladly return. Gen. Halleck replied:—"The New York militia regiments were requested to remain when the danger was more imminent than at present, but declined to do so. Under these circumstances, they will not be recalled.

PREPARING FOR THE WOUNDED.

The war has come home to our citizens more closely within the last few days than ever before; but bravely have the exigencies of the case been met. For months each church in the city, and each town and village in the country have been forming societies to make up comforts of every kind for the soldiers, from jellies to bandages and lint. But commencing with last Sabbath, a new era has set in. All former organizations were but sounding the note of preparation. But through large sections of the State where the telegraph and railroad lines extended, notices were simultaneously given out in all the churches, at the close of the morning service, that meetings of the ladies would take place in the afternoon to make up and send off bandages and lint, and changes of night clothes and jellies properly prepared for the sick and wounded. Medical and experienced assistants volunteered to go down in charge of these provisions to Washington, Alexandria or the battle fields and attend upon the wounded. Never was the Sabbath quiet so strangely and yet so reverently and appropriately laid aside. While our soldiers were known to be fighting in the field, old family sheets and table cloths of the finest linen, were being converted into lint by fair hands. The sewing machine was at work, air tight tin cans were rapidly filled with all the household jellies. Many villages made up in two or three hours a thousand rolls of bandages, each carefully prepared and rolled according to the regulations. At night extra trains, as they stopped at each station, found volunteer physicians and nurses, the very best and most valuable members that the country could furnish, ready to speed them on their work of mercy to the suffering. Money was contributed by thousands of willing hands, and probably fifty thousand sick and wounded could have been efficiently provided for, so far as immediate wants of medical attendants and nursing were concerned, from that one day's work in this State alone. The quietness with which all proceeded did not hinder but stimulated work.

It was a profitable Sabbath to many, a day in which the soul found a greater rest from the oppressive thoughts of the battle-field and of loved ones far away in its din and in its strife, than had the hands been folded inactively. Goethe says:

Rest is not quitting the noisy career,
Rest is adapting the soul to its sphere.

Every emotion of the mind has some corresponding motion of the body which becomes the most natural expression and vent for it. To pluck the ears of corn was natural to listeners intently wrapped in the Sabbath teachings of Him who spoke as never man spoke. Activity of any kind is the best relief of anxious or excited hearts ever. And at this time all such employments as those which thus began the week in city and in the country, will be most useful to the government, most beneficial and grateful to the noble hearts battling for the best of human governments, for homes and for firesides.

No doubt all that can be accomplished will not be too much for the multitudes that must fill our hospitals, and it will afford comfort to many a mother's, wife's or sister's heart to feel that she has done what she could to bind up the wounds and restore the emaciated figure of all who are suffering in so vital a cause to the interests of humanity. In the course now of a short time we shall begin again to need woollen stockings and under clothes, cloth mittens and a thousand warm contrivances. As soon as sufficient bandages are prepared, let these be thought of and provided.

WHERE THE REBELS ARE SAID TO BE.

Frederick city, which it is said the rebels have occupied, after crossing the Potomac, is in Frederick county, which borders on Pennsylvania. It is forty-four miles northwest of Washington, and sixty miles west of Baltimore, and probably about twenty east from the Potomac. It is not likely that any very large force has yet penetrated so far into Maryland. Cavalry could cross the Potomac at various near points by swimming their horses, but infantry and artillery would find it difficult to cross, except at the fords which are said to be guarded. The city is connected with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by a branch road three miles long. Frederick is the second city of the State in wealth and importance, and many manufactories of flour, wool, iron, paper, ropes, &c., are located there. If there is any force there except a few cavalry seeking supplies for the rebel army, it ought, from the short distance it is from Washington, to be cut off from return and captured in twenty-four hours after the fact is known at Washington. With the amount of cavalry we have, the fact ought to have been known as soon as it occurred, and a sufficient force of troops thrown along the Potomac, would effectually prevent any return of the rebels across the river. The movement of the rebels towards Frederick would imply that their intention in crossing has been to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Harper's Ferry and Baltimore, and prevent any more troops being sent to Wool at Harper's Ferry. The whole rebel army might then attack Wool, in the hope to crush him, which, if effected, would leave the lower counties of Pennsylvania open to invasion and plunder. With the great force which could be thrown in the rear of the rebels, they would have to move quickly.

GEN. BUELL'S ARMY IN TENNESSEE.—Letters from Decherd, Tenn., dated the 26th, mention that Genl. Buell had withdrawn both the right and left of his army from McMinnsville and Battle Creek, and concentrated it at Pelham. Bragg intended to cut Buell's army in two, by striking at the centre, but Buell discovered the intention, successfully massed his troops, and Bragg, instead of attacking him, had to take the back track. Buell's movements are highly commended by military men.

COMPELLED TO RESIGN HIS SEAT.—Senator Simmons, who was defected in corrupt practices while holding a seat in the U. S. Senate, has been compelled by the force of public sentiment in Rhode Island to resign his seat, and S. G. Arnold has been chosen in his place. If the Senate had so little self-respect as to allow a corrupt Senator to retain his seat, little Rhode Island had enough to keep such a Senator from representing it.

THE PRESIDENT'S EMANCIPATION POLICY.—A Committee in the Kentucky Legislature has reported *against* emancipating their slaves for compensation, in accordance with the recommendation of President Lincoln. The Border States are evidently not ready for the adoption of any such measure, and the broaching of it has not strengthened the Government cause in those States.

WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

The reports made to the Adjutant General's Office show that New Jersey's quota of 309,000 men is made up, obviating the necessity of drafting for the first call.

All the clerks and employees in the Civic Departments, and the employees in the public buildings at Washington, are to be organized into companies, and armed and equipped for the defence of the Capital.

The draft in Massachusetts has been postponed until the 17th of September, to take effect at 9 o'clock before noon of that day, unless the quota of that State is forthcoming, by volunteering, before that time.

By direction of the President, Gen. McClellan is to take command of the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defence of the Capital.

Major Gen. M. Ormsby Mitchell has been assigned to the command of the Department of the South, and will immediately repair to Hilton Head. Gen. Mitchell goes down as the third who has essayed to rule the Sea Island region, succeeding Gen. Hunter, who replaced Gen. Sherman. If his energetic and versatile mind fails to control the refractory elements of that region, we may well despair of finding *any* man fit for the task. No one will pretend to see any *political* significance in the change, as both soldiers, in so far as they are politicians, think very much alike.

Much sickness prevails in Richmond. The city is quite deserted. The rebels are very confident of doing great execution with their ironclad gunboats when completed.

Guerrillas are committing great outrages in De Kalb county, Tenn., and are sending numbers of Union men South.

Louisville has been made the capital of Kentucky. The Legislature assembled there on Tuesday, of last week. In the House, a resolution was offered instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the propriety of calling out immediately 50,000 men to serve for thirty or sixty days, for the purpose of expelling the rebel armies from Kentucky. Louisville has been placed under martial law. Great excitement prevails in the city. The Home Guards are ready for service. Cotton is being removed into Indiana.

The notorious guerrilla Poindexter has been captured on the northern Missouri railroad, twenty miles from Hudson.

A battle was fought on Monday at Medon Madison county, Tenn. We had about 400 men engaged. Our loss was five killed and forty wounded. The rebels lost one hundred and ten killed and over two hundred wounded.

Hon. Joseph Holt has been appointed Judge Advocate of the army of the United States. This appointment is well deserved, and no man is more capable of performing the functions of the office than this able jurist and staunch patriot.

The news from Port Royal is not unimportant. The rebel steamer Nashville is said to be at sea again. The ram Fingal will not be completed for some time to come, and it is said that there are but five thousand soldiers at Savannah.

Lieut. Hiram B. Banks, of the 16th Massachusetts Regiment, who is reported killed in one of the late battles, was a brother of Major General N. P. Banks, and Major Gardner Banks, of the 16th Regiment.

A rebel iron-clad war steamer, supposed to be the Oyieto, was at Cardenas on the 19th. She has captured several of our merchant vessels.

LITERARY RECORD.

Marguerite; or, Two Loves. By Madam De Girardin. New York: Appletons. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

This is a French translation of what is pronounced a most capital story. The reader will, from the title, understand it to be a love story, and a French love story is quite unlike a love story in any other language. It is readable by men of intelligence. English and American love stories are too generally written down to the capacity of immatured intellects—children of both sexes.

Light Infantry Drill of the U. S Army. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia.

This is the title of a complete drill book of rifle and light infantry tactics as used in the U. S. Army at the present day. The whole has been carefully revised and corrected from the latest authorities, and is fully recognized at the War Department at Washington. It is, in a word, an official text book for recruits.

The Adventures of Philip on his way Through the World. By W. M. Thackeray. Harpers: New York. J. B. Lippincott: Philadelphia.

This is a large octavo bound volume of what is considered by many as one of the most popular of Thackeray's stories, the whole effectively illustrated. It is quite unnecessary to speak in special commendation of any of Thackeray's stories.

Frederick the Great. Carlyle. Vol. III. Harpers: New York. J. B. Lippincott: Philadelphia.

This is the third of the four volumes of Carlyle, of the history of this distinguished monarch, and is accompanied with an admirably executed likeness of Frederick and sundry important maps.

First Book in Chemistry. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. New York: Harpers: Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

This is a most valuable little volume and is intended to aid mothers and teachers in training children in the observation of nature. It is surprising how much useful information may be blended with our daily intercourse with children by an occasional reference to the teachings set down by the author of this admirably arranged book.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Walnut Street* Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, two of the best and most accomplished actors in the country, played in several Shaksperian parts last week, to good houses; but there were present by no means, such audiences as their merits demanded. Davenport's Hamlet, Richard, and Othello, are collectively considered equal to the best star on any stage, at home or abroad. Mrs. D. gives all the evidence of an intellectual lady—always true to nature, never over-stepping the limits of propriety, as acknowledged by the severest of her sex. It is not only a pleasure to witness the performances of such actors, but it is also instructive. They continue their engagement through the present week, and will probably present some other of Shakspeare's plays, which, after all, display a greater knowledge of human nature than can be elsewhere found, either by playwright or moralist.

At the *Arch* the new drama of "Fanchon," which, though French, is not sensational, is one of the most pleasing productions that has been put upon the stage in a long time, and seems to be admirably calculated to bring out the talent and capabilities of Miss Maggie Mitchell, who appears as the heroine of the piece. During all last week it attracted good houses, and we notice that it is to be continued through the present week. The play is put on the stage with the taste and care which distinguishes this theatre. The scenery is beautiful and appropriate. The shadow dance is one of the prettiest effects on the stage, being exquisitely contrived. A few play-goers analyze anything beyond the sensation of the moment, we have no doubt Fanchon (interesting as all love stories are) will always be attractive, and Fanchon portrayed by Miss Mitchell will no doubt prove popular with the masses.

The *Continental* theatre, it is announced, will be opened on Saturday evening next by R. Randall, sole lessee. The season will commence with the ballet on a style never seen here. We notice the names of Mme. Dorin (prima donna contralto, Academy of Music, New York) Mme. Von Berkel (prima donna soprano, German Opera, New York), and last, but not least, Annetti Galletti and Mlle. Helene, the first dancers of Niblo's Garden. Negotiations are said to be pending with Senorita Perea Ninez (Spanish danseuse at the Haymarket, London.) Other American talent is also announced as engaged.

Carncross and Dixey's Minstrels, at the Eleventh Street Opera House, are playing nightly to crowded houses at this favorite place of resort. This week "The Exempt Family" and other novelty will be given, the whole forming a most delightful *melange* worthy the attention of all who can appreciate genuine fun.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

"Reliable Gentlemen" now estimate the rebel army at 400,000 soldiers.

☞ The War Department has decided to exempt from draft all magistrates, sheriffs and constables.

☞ Mr. Parker has been nominated for Governor of New Jersey, at Trenton, by the Democratic State Convention.

☞ Sydenham E. Ancona has been nominated for Congress by the Democratic Convention held at Reading.

☞ A poor seamstress has been found in Oneida county, N. Y., who was trying to commit suicide by starvation—a Miss Caroline Lewis, of Utica!

☞ It is now definitely settled that the first call for three hundred thousand volunteers embraced the number requisite to fill up the old regiments.

☞ Mrs. Julia Gardner Tyler, widow of the late Ex-President Tyler, arrived at Fortress Monroe on Tuesday in the steamboat Mary Barton. She is on her way North. Her six children are with her.

☞ The new overland mail route over the Cherokee trail is represented to be an excellent one. After the 10th instant overland stages will pass daily through Denver City.

☞ George N. Sanders, who refused to drink the Queen's health in her own dominions, has gone to tender to her, in behalf of the Confederacy, a commercial treaty.

☞ The "pretty waiter girl" system, with all its demoralizing influences, is said to be once more in the "full tide of successful experiment" all along Broadway.

☞ The rebel legislators have just enacted that where a substitute deserts, his "employer" is to serve in his place. This is certainly rough on the "employers."

☞ "An Israelite" asks the Brooklyn Daily Times why his fellow religionists should not be exempted from the draft. Pork, which constitutes a large part of the army rations, is forbidden to them.

☞ Washington letters mention a perfect hegira of contrabands into Washington from Virginia—men, women and children coming in, with huge wagons, ox carts and on foot—until the fountain of negroes has seemed almost inexhaustible.

☞ George Sanders got into Canada in the disguise of a miner. The Montreal papers say he could assume the character well, as he once swindled Canadians by a bogus mining project, and they would have arrested him if they had been aware of his presence.

☞ A bad hoax has been perpetrated upon a Quebec paper. A letter found in a bottle, and supposed to have been thrown overboard by a passenger when the steamship Pacific was lost at sea, in 1856, is published by the Chronicle. The signature is Johnson, but it appears no such man was on board.

☞ Some people can never comprehend the real import and magnitude of a duty assigned to them. They obey orders about as faithfully as the fellow did who was told by his King to "note the manners and customs" of a foreign nation he was about to visit. This is the way he obeyed the royal mandate: "As to *manners*, they have none; their *custom* are beastly."

☞ An Indiana paper relates that at a meeting held for the purpose of getting volunteers, a young lady went to her betrothed, took him by the hand, and led him up to the stand where the recruiting officers were taking the names of those who desired to enlist in the service of their country, and then, without seeming in the least abashed in the presence of the large assemblage, kissed him and laid his hand on the roll for him to sign his name.

☞ There were 302 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 140 were adults and 162 were children. There were 52 from consumption of the lungs; 20 from cholera infantum; 11 from convulsions; 4 from diptheria; 19 from diarrhœa; 6 from disease of the heart; 20 from debility; 8 from dysentery; 14 from typhoid fever; 8 from inflammation of the brain; 8 from inflammation of the lungs; 15 from marasmus; and 6 from gunshot wounds.

☞ Are ladies hoops diminishing in size? Quilp says he saw several elegantly dressed ladies at Saratoga, the other day, whose skirts were so little extended as to suggest the possibility that a more rational style is coming in fashion. It is only the excess that is offensive to good taste; and the next whim of the fickle goddess may favor moderation. But let no man hope, or desire that "truth to Nature" will ever be observed in female apparel. The women know better than to run any such risk. Some folks have thought crinoline to be a modern invention, dating no further back than the farthingales which Addison satirized. Ridiculous supposition! Ovid, a close observer of the sex, who wrote nearly two thousand years ago, said of a gay lady of his acquaintance—"*Parf minima est ipsa puella sui!*"—(the least part of the damsel is herself!) and, in our humble opinion, when Eve put on her fig-leaf gown, she didn't let it alone till she had taught it how to "stand out well."

INVASION OF MARYLAND.

THE FACT OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED.

Immense Bodies of Union Troops Moving.

REBEL TROOPS WITHDRAWN FROM BEFORE WASHINGTON.

THEY MOVE IN SOLID COLUMN.

OUR REINFORCEMENTS CUT OFF.

Forty Thousand Rebels at Frederick.

REBEL OCCUPATION OF FREDERICK

PENNSYLVANIA THREATENED!

A Large Force of Recels Entering the State near Hanover.

THE REPORTED ADVANCE ON HAGERTOWN.

APPOINTMENTS OF GENERALS.

Families Leaving Washington.

THE LATE BATTLE FIELD BEFORE WASHINGTON.

The intelligence received at Washington on Sunday night, and additionally confirmed on Monday morning, of the occupation of Frederick City, Maryland, by rebel forces, naturally excited much surprise, mingled with indignation and alarm. Frederick is about sixty miles from Baltimore by the railroad line, and forty overland from Washington, by way of Rockville, Darnstown and Poolsville, Md.

There are but limited opportunities here of obtaining information from that point, almost all the intelligence coming by way of Baltimore.

The Government authorities received the news early yesterday evening, in a written or documentary form. During last night, immense bodies of troops were in motion for the upper Potomac and elsewhere, and to-day the military operations continue. Nearly all the rebel troops have apparently been withdrawn from our front—certainly none in large force remain. Their next movement is a matter of conjecture; but precautions have been taken to guard in certain quarters against possible damage by them.

There is no doubt that large reinforcements of rebels were yesterday passing from Ashby's Gap, south of Leesburg, as if intending to cross at Snicker's Ferry, which is between Point of Rocks and Edwards' Ferry. The rebels move in solid column—first cavalry, next artillery, then infantry, with the baggage in the rear. And these again are followed in the same order by similar descriptions of troops. The people of the Valley have contributed to their sustenance, and doubtless furnished them with all needful information.

Nothing has yet been heard from our troops at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, who are cut off from reinforcements by the movements of the enemy toward Frederick.

A gentleman, who arrived here to-day, having left Frederick between nine and ten o'clock of the most pleasing productions that has been last night, on horseback, says, that the rebel force there is estimated at 40,000, under Jackson. From his conversation with the rebel soldiers, he derived the impression that one of their objects is to destroy the Northern Central Pennsylvania Railroad, and otherwise operate in that State, and that they have ulterior designs on Washington and Baltimore. Our informant was glad to leave the neighborhood of Frederick without caring to remain long to verify his data.

An escaped prisoner, who was in the hands of the rebels for four days, says that all of the Union forces at Frederick had fallen back to Harper's Ferry, but before doing so had on Thursday night burned the hospital and commissary stores, and removed the sick and wounded. On Friday afternoon the rebel pickets extended out as far as New Market, eight miles Southeast of Frederick. The Union pickets were withdrawn sixteen miles from the same place. The rebels had got possession of only two or three cars at Frederick, some of which were loaded with old pontoon bridges.

Brig. Gen. Andrew Porter, of the regular army, arrived at Harrisburg on Monday morning, for the purpose, it is supposed, of conferring with the Governor as to the best means of checking the enemy in his threatened raid into this State.

It would not be proper to disclose what is now being done, but the people may rest satisfied that everything that looks to the attainment of this most desirable object, and that is possible under the circumstances, is being done.

The rebels are said to be entering Pennsylvania in force near Hanover, with the intention, no doubt, of destroying the Northern Central Railroad.

The rumor of an advance upon Hagerstown appears to be unfounded, as no rebels have, as yet, made their appearance in that vicinity.

It is generally believed, however, that they will shortly advance upon that town. Arms are being rapidly distributed throughout the counties on our Southern border. This department is in the hands of Col. J. B. Parker, an aid to the Governor, and Major Washabaugh.

Gen. Pope passed through this city this afternoon on his way to the West.

The following named gentlemen were yesterday morning appointed Brigadier Generals, for gallant and meritorious service in the field:—Colonel Gershom Mott, of the Sixth New York Volunteers; Colonel Jos. B. Carr, of the Second New York Volunteers, and Colonel Nelson Taylor, of the Thirty-third New York Volunteers.

The friends of General Andrew Porter here say he has been ordered to report to Governor Curtin, for the organization of forces of volunteers.

Among other military officers now here is Gen. Mansfield, who will doubtless be assigned to duty under Major Gen. McClellan.

A number of families left Washington yesterday afternoon for the North, in view of apprehended danger. The alarm, however, is not general.

Col. George D. Ruggles, chief of Gen. Pope's staff, is relieved from duty with that officer and ordered to report to Gen. McClellan.

Col. Henry Van Rennsalaer, Inspector General United States army, has been ordered to report for duty to General Wright, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

It appears from general orders No. 118, issued by the War Department, that the number of officers of the United States service who have been exchanged as prisoners of war, for prisoners taken in arms against the United States, up to August 27, is two hundred and seventy-nine, including two Brigadier Generals (Reynolds and McCall), eleven Colonels, nine Lieutenant Colonels, nineteen Majors, ninety-five Captains, eighty-three First Lieutenants and Second Lieutenants. One hundred and thirteen "Confederate" officers were exchanged for rank and file of the United States army.

Prisoners delivered at City Point and James River, nine lists, equivalent to four thousand one hundred and thirty five privates, received by Col. Sweitzer, fully exchanged.

Hatteras delivery, to Gen. Burnside fully exchanged. Fort Macon, to General Burnside, fully exchanged. Enlisted men, captured at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, by General Forrest, fully exchanged. Delivery of rank and file to Adjutant General U. S. Army, at Aiken's Landing, James River—upward of three thousand—Aug. 5th, 1862, fully exchanged. Generals Prentiss and Crittenden exchanged for Generals Mackall and Pettigrew, respectively, so soon as the two former, now in the West, are released: the latter, in the meantime, being prisoners on parole.

On Friday, thirty of the 1st Massachusetts cavalry were taken prisoners, and paroled, on the upper Potomac. A report reached here today, that early this morning there was a skirmish in the neighborhood of Poolesville. Today many of the citizens of that neighborhood came to Washington.

A gentleman who has just returned from the late battle field states that quite a number of the hacks pressed into the service of the Government, on Saturday week, for the purpose of carrying our wounded to this city, are still on the battle field, the rebels having taken the horses, and thus prevented them from returning home.

THE LATEST.

The Washington Star, of Monday evening, says:—

"No news of interest from Gen. McClellan's front has reached here to-day. Our forces seem to be in the vicinity of Rockville. The impression that the crossing of the rebels below Harper's Ferry is a feint, increases hourly among military men here, as delay in their movements, if designing an attack either on Washington or Baltimore, is far more dangerous to them than to us.

"We hear a rumor that Gettysburg., Pa., has fallen into Jackson's hands, but we see no reason to place confidence in it, if but for the fact of the apparent impossibility of his marching to that point by this time, as astonishing marches as he certainly has made.

"Washington, to-day, is comparatively quiet, the excitement of last week (which culminated yesterday) having measurably died out with the failure of the rebels to do aught astonishing in the last twenty-four hours."

The Citizens of Maryland Called to Arms.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 8.—Governor Bradford has issued a proclamation, calling on the citizens of this State to organize for its protection.

The Rebel Steamer Florida.

A letter from our Consul at Matanzas, received at New York, states that the rebel steamer Florida arrived at Cardenas August 19th; also, that Maffit, her captain, is sick with fever, and a Spanish war steamer is there to prevent her from following any American vessel out for capture

From Harrisburg.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BORDER.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 7.—We understand arrangements are being made to forward to the entrance of Cumberland valley, all the troops now here in camp, and other regiments from New York and the East that have arrived, are detained here for that purpose. If an attempt should be made to invade Pennsylvania, a warm reception will await them. The citizens are organizing themselves into companies under the Governor's proclamation, and are not required to clothe or equip themselves. Arms will be furnished on application to Adjutant-General Russell, by the regularly elected captain, and not necessarily through the Brigade Inspector. The captain's will be required to give bond or some good security for their safe keeping. Companies can be organized to number from 32 to 96 rank and file. Companies and regiments thus organizing should drill constantly and hold themselves in readiness to march to the defence of our border on short notice.

The employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at this place, numbering over two hundred, marched in a body yesterday to the Capitol grounds for drill, and were adressed by the Governor.

The Governor has messengers ex'ended all along the border of the State, and is in constant communication with them.

He has received intelligence that the rebels crossed the Potomac in force at or near the Point of Rocks, and now occupy Frederick, Maryland. Their pickets extend seven miles towards Hagerstown. They possessed themselves of all the shoes, clothing, &c, in the stores at Frederick, paying for the same in rebel scrip. The rebels say they are going to Baltimore.

The telegraph operator remains at Hagerstown, but says he cannot hold the office much longer. Nearly all the Union men have left the town.

Our people should awaken to the fact that invasion is imminent, and though Gov. Curtin is doing all in his power, his hope for the future is based entirely upon the prompt response of our citizens when called upon to march.

Companies are forming all over the State. Over 1000 stand of arms were sent to Adams county to-day, and 1500 to Franklin county, in charge of Major Washabaugh yesterday.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1862.

It would seem to be generally conceded now that Gotham will have to undergo the draft. Notwithstanding the liberal bounties and other stimulants, the men do not turn up fast enough at the recruiting offices to justify the belief that the quota will be filled by the 15th. Meanwhile every imaginable expedient is resorted to by Tom, Dick and Harry, to dodge the responsibility. One patriotic individual wrote to Governor Morgan, last week, urging upon him the necessity of adding newly married men to the noble army of exempts, inclosing the following sentence from Deuteronomy, chap. xxiv, verse 5, as a Scriptural precedent: "When a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up the wife he hath taken."

The sharp criticisms of the Administration journals here upon the collapse of Gen. Pope's campaign against Richmond, and the arbitrary arrests of civilians, by order of the War Department—it is idle to deny—are having a depressing influence on the public mind. The decline in the stock market on Saturday, is attributable to these simultaneous onslaughts on the powers that be. The victories of Stonewall Jackson being in Maryland were revived, but the effect of these was trifling compared with the invective of the World, the Times and the Evening Post. It is not at all impossible that, unless these newspaper Generals rein up a little, the fate of the Cincinnati Times will be visited upon them.

We have information by the steamer Fulton, from New Orleans, that "Billy" Wilson's famous New York Zouaves, quartered at Fort Pickens during the seven months past, were about to be transferred to New Orleans. "Billy's" boys were rather hard cases when they left home, but the rigid discipline of the U. S. officers at Santa Rosa has destroyed their crop of wild oats, and made capital soldiers out of them. They will be of great service to Gen. Butler.

The Constitutional Union party in this city have elected delegates to their State Convention in all the wards. These delegates are, for the most part, Old Line Whigs and others who voted for the Union Presidential ticket in this State two years ago. The Convention meets at Albany on Tuesday, and, as the Democrats hold theirs next day, perhaps it is not risking much to say that a junction of forces, with a view to overcome the Republicans, is a foregone conclusion.

The funeral of Gen. Kearney took place last Saturday, from Trinity Church. That splendid edifice, on the occasion, was crowded to excess, and never was the burial service of the Episcopal Church more impressively and touchingly rendered. At times there was scarcely a dry eye among the vast congregation.

New regiments are constantly passing through here for the line of the Potomac, while others are getting ready to be "marching along." Between now and Monday afternoon, it is estimated that five thousand troops at least will have gone forward, including the 119th, 123d, 128th, 129th and 11th New York Volunteers.

The wife of ex President Tyler is among the latest arrivals from Dixie. She is stopping with her brother, on Staten Island. The lady is said to complain that many of the best slaves belonging to her estate were inveigled away by our troops and conveyed north.

Early this morning, a boiler explosion occurred in the hoop skirt factory of Austin Kelly & Co., at the foot of Delancey street, killing one man (Christian Shields) and wounding five others. At the time of the accident, there were nearly one hundred people in the building, several of them girls, and for some time a perfect panic prevailed. It is Providential that, under the circumstances, so many escaped with their lives. The explosion was caused by an insufficiency of water in the boiler, and was the result of gross carelessness. Loss, about $2000—fully insured.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise at this port for the week ending September 5th, and since the 1st of January:

	1860.	1861.	1862.
For the Week.			
Dry Goods,	$2,273,256	$832 301	$2,141,560
General mdse,	2,156,216	689,484	3,387,100
Total for week,	$4,429,471	1,521,785	5,478,660
Prev reported,	$165,402,267	94,156,397	116,251,200
Tot. since Jan.	$169,831,738	95,678,182	121,729,865

ASHES—Are firm. Sales 50 bbls. at $6 81¼ a 6 87½ for Pots, and $7 12½ a 7 25 for Pearls.

COTTON—The market rules very firm. Sales 600 bales at 63c for middling Upland.

FLOUR—The flour market is quiet and without decided change in price. The sales are 1,040 barrels at $5 00 a 5 15 for superfine State; $5 25 a 5 35 for extra State; $5 00 a $5 05 for superfine Western; $5 25 a 5 50 for common to medium extra Western; and $5 60 a 5 75 for common to good shipping brands. The market closing dull. Southern flour is quiet and unchanged; sales 900 barrels at $5 35 a 5 80 for common, and $5 85 a 7 50 for fancy and extra. Canadian flour is quiet and steady; sales 700 barrels at $5 30 a 5 40 for common, and $5 45 a 6 25 for good to choice extra. Rye flour is firm at $3 75 a 4 25. Corn meal is steady; sales 300 barrels Brandywine at $3 75.

GRAIN—The wheat market opened heavy and with a further decline in freights; prices closed 1 a 2 cents lower. Sales 175,000 bushels, at $1 12 a 1 21 for Chicago spring; $1 15 for inferior do; $1 23 a 1 24 for Amber Iowa; $1 30 a 1 34 for winter red Western; $1 34 a 1 36¼ for Amber Michigan; $1 40 for white Illinois, and $1 43 a 1 44 for white Indiana. Rye is quiet and without decided change in prices. Barley is dull and nominally unchanged. The corn market is heavy, and prices still tend to favor the purchaser. Sales 19,000 bushels, at 69c. for sound old mixed Western; 56 a 59c. for Eastern; 47 a 55c. for unsound 43c. for badly damaged do. and 70c for choice Western yellow. Oats are heavy at 52 a 57½ for Western Canada, Jersey and State.

PROVISIONS—The pork market is quiet and without decided change in price. Sales 450 bbls. at $11 62½ a 11 75 for mess, and $10 for prime. Beef is unchanged. Sales 249 bbls. at previous prices. Prime mess beef is dull and nominal. Lard is drooping; sales 440 bbls. at 9 a 9¾c. Cut meats are fir

COMPENSATIONS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Once when we were making hay,
Weakly little Simon Gray
Came to work on shares.
Far away I saw him pass
While I lay along the grass,
Idly setting sparrows!

Pale his face was, and his leg
Was no bigger than the peg
Where I hung my hat
All with briars his feet were scratched,
Old his trowsers were, and patched,
And too short at that!

"Hallos, Simon! throw away
Your rake," I cried; "don't mind the hay;
Come and see my snares!"
"O," he said, "the hay is dry,
And right well you know that I
Came to work on shares!"

"Stuff and nonsense! you are young—
Come and play!" but Simon hung
On a stump close by
His old jacket, and began
Raking like a little man,
Without more reply.

"Si," I said, his zeal to slack,
"Say, Si, what do you ask a stack
For your share of hay?"
Sixpence," he replied with glee,
"And I'm thinking that will be
More than you can pay!"

Being half ashamed, half sad,
I began to coax the lad.
"Come now, Si," I cried,
"Here are flowers of double red,
Grower never blushed than my head."
Sadly he replied:—

"It is very well to do
As you will, 'tis one to you
If you work or play;
I, (a tremor shook his voice,)
I am poor, and have no choice—
I must make my hay!"

Compensations justly fall,
I believe, to one and all,
Or in joys or cares;
Even as that summer day
Simon had his stacks of hay,
I my empty snares.

And whene'er I see free will
Turning good to direful ill,
Glory to disgrace,
Something seems to say to me
May not life's necessity
Be its special grace?

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CULTIVATION OF CORN ON THE PRAIRIES.

Perhaps a short description of the process of cultivating corn on our prairies might interest some of the readers of your "Agricultural Department." In a former article my remarks were confined to corn-planting. To resume, I will state that the ground has been left as plowed or harrowed before planting, and if the planting has been late and the ground unharrowed, it is harrowed by most of our farmers before the corn is through or immediately upon coming through. The plan at either time is considered a good one, as checking the incipient growth of weeds, and pulverizing the ground while freshly plowed. Harrowing ground that has lain exposed to the sun and air is a waste of labor. Of late years the next step after harrowing, is to work with a cultivator of some kind. These are various, and a dttailed description of each would be voluminous. Some are single, doing but one row at a time; others are double, made to go astride the rows, and are drawn by pairs of horses, and sometimes by oxen. The double cultivators are preferred chiefly for doing the work of two horses with one driver. In some places the old single shovel-plows are still in use, and in others the more recent double-shovel is used. The single, i. e., one horse, have generally three or five teeth or shovels; the double ones always four, of different shapes in the different instruments. The shovels of some are nearly square, set obliquely on the upright shaft, others diamond-pointed, and some are pointed at the lower end and square at the upper. But of whatever description or denomination, the shovels must "scour," that is indispensable. Of the double cultivators, some go on all fours, guided in the rows by the hand of the driver; others are mounted on an axle with two wheels, behind which the driver walks, and the shovels are dependent upon levers having a lateral movement to shove the hills of corn which may be out of line. The climax of all corn cultivators is a neat and stout sulky arrangement, upon which the driver is seated, with nothing to do but keep the horses steadily in the rows and turn them at the ends. These are of different patterns, nearly all very serviceable, and, of course much liked. They cost from $35 to $45. Hoes are entirely obsolete in our cornfields. They do very well where corn is raised in patches, but away here, where less than twenty five acres is seldom seen, and where the fields are sometimes hundreds of acres in extent, they are, of course, too slow. With a single cultivator a man will actively horse is expected to plow three or four acres a day; with a double instrument and a smart pair of horses he will do six or seven acres ordinarily. If the field is gone over four times it is considered sufficient. The ground is left in different shapes by different individuals. Some prefer to leave it as nearly flat as possible, others to leave it in ridges against the rows of corn. The nature of the ground and the season should determine this matter. Flat land, especially if the season be wet, would undoubtedly do better if left in ridges, and the contrary.

Andover, Ill., 1862. WESTERN PLANTER.

SORGHUM CULTURE.

The West Growing its own Sugar.

Five years ago, the Western States were wholly dependent on Louisiana and the West India Islands for their supplies of sugar and molasses, but through the instrumentality of the United States Patent Office, the plants respectively known as the sorghum and imphee—otherwise the Chinese and African sugar cane—were brought to the notice of agriculturists. The first experiment made in attempts to convert the saccharine substance of this cane into a merchantable article generally failed, but there were individual instances of success so remarkable that fresh endeavors were put forth over a wider range of country; for they were conclusive as showing that failure was owing solely to ignorance, and not in any degree to inherent difficulties. Cane culture was further encouraged as a substitute for grain in fattening cattle; but all this experience, it appears, was only preparatory to what now follows.

An Illinois farmer with whom we have conversed, and who has acted a leading part in sugar manufacture, quite surprises us in speaking of the progress already made in this new branch of industry. In fact it is difficult to foresee what may come of it. We are told that Illinois produced last year 5,000,000 gallons of sorghum syrup, and this year you will have a surplus, after supplying all the demand for consumption in the State. Iowa raised in the same year 3,000,000 gallons. Ohio and Indiana are also manufacturing to a large extent. In Christian county, Illinois, from which our informant hails, not a barrel of the old-fashioned molasses is purchased now, whereas a few years ago it was a leading staple. Every family depends on the sorghum of its own raising, taking the cane to a neighbor to be crushed and manufactured, precisely as grain was taken to mill in the olden time—the "toll" being one half the crop. They find they can produce their own "sweetening" at one-fourth the sum for which it can be bought. By bestowing seven days' labor on an acre of cane, the farmer will plant, cultivate, and harvest a crop, and in return get 75 gallons (one-half the yield), which if purchased, would cost $37 50. The production, however, depends on the quality of cane, from 150 to 200 gallons per-acre being the average, though as high as 400 gallons sometimes.

This year sorghum culture is receiving more attention than ever before, which may in part result from fear that an increased tariff will cause high prices; but a sufficient reason is found in the fact that there is an increased confidence in Chinese cane as a source of profit, so that investments are made more readily. One man in Quincy, Ill., last year made a ton of sugar. Another made between 3000 and 4000 gallons of molasses, and in Rosamond township a farmer now has under cultivation 40 acres of cane from which he expects to obtain 6000 gallons. Many other places are doing equally well. There is now a very general disposition to grow cane and erect mills on a large scale. In fact, the manufacture of sugar apparatus in Cincinnati is already an important business, the orders received lately being far beyond the ability to fill them. The machine costs from $50 for a single horse-power to $1600 where steam is used; but a good serviceable machine, including the evaporators, need not exceed $200. With this, from 100 to 125 gallons of syrup can be made in a day. Comparatively few yet venture upon making sugar, as success is dependent upon so many contingencies and the value of the product, compared with the syrup, offers little inducement. There is no insuperable difficulty, however. Of 100 samples of molasses preserved last year by a manufacturer, 60 are now granulated, showing that the sugar is there, and no doubt is entertained that eventually the Western States will export immense quantities.

It may be profitable just now to review the experience of Western cultivators in sugar making, and observe the results. First, then, as the most notable fact, it should be remarked that the simplest processes are the best. Originally it was thought necessary to imitate the system adopted in Louisiana, and procure long ranges of pans, clarifying apparatus, &c., but all this is discarded. A single pan is enough. To begin in the cane-field, the whole plan is as follows:—The leaves are stripped off by a single blow from a steel or wooden fork having several prongs. Another laborer follows and strikes off the top of the stalks, say about three feet, containing the seed, which is laid in bundles between the rows. A wagon then passes around and is filled by cutting off the stalks near the root. When standing the latter sometimes measure fifteen feet, but prepared for mill the ordinary length is from 6 to 10 feet, and the yield of seed is from 15 to 30 bushels per acre, and when ground is worth at least as much as the same quantity of oats, and would probably pay for cultivation; but with corn at ten cents per bushel, seed is not worth much care. The cane mill used is such as they have in the South, consisting of three large rollers in contact. The stalks pass out so dry, they may be lighted immediately with a match and burned, while the juice runs off into a barrel or vat and is strained through a common sieve. Some use flannel, or charcoal. A two-horse crusher will express say 75 to 100 gallons per hour. The juice is then put into evaporators, which are generally three feet wide, from 6 to 12 feet long and eight inches deep, formed with sheet iron bottoms and wooden sides, each holding one or two barrels of the juice. The latter is kept boiling till done, adding no fresh supplies. In half an hour it is boiled to molassess, some of which is as pure and colorless as the best Stuart's refined. An evaporator of the largest size will make from eight to twelve gallons per hour. The cleansing is done by skimming, while boiling. Farmers have commenced sending considerable quantities to Cincinnati. One party who might be named, has just contracted to deliver 500 gallons at 45 cents per gallon.

Such, in brief, is the present position of cane-culture in the West, and such are the results of the experience already had. A few years more, and this business, now just beginning to claim attention as a source of national wealth, may attain to an importance which few have ever imagined. The cane-crop now ripening, which some have already begun to harvest and grind, will be the largest yet grown, though probably insignificant in comparison with what may be produced hereafter.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BUDDING FRUIT TREES.

The operation of budding is so simple, and easily performed, and so useful as a means of multiplying choice varieties of fruit, &c., that I often wonder it is not more generally practiced by farmers and all persons who have gardens. Budding may be performed at any time when the stock is growing and the bark will peel readily from the wood. In a dry season the bark will cease to peel in most cases early in July or sooner, until after the occurrence of heavy rains in August or September; hence it is best to bud plum, pear and cherry stocks during the last half of June; but such trees as usually make a good growth in early autumn, as the apple and peach, may commonly be budded successfully after the hottest weather has passed and the second growth has commenced, always remembering that the operation can only be performed when the bark separates freely from the wood, and when the young wood of the current year's growth has become somewhat firm, with the buds well formed.

In my experience I have had the best success in budding in the last week in August and first week in September. In choosing buds select only smooth, well developed buds from thrifty shoots that have nearly done growing.

The best stocks are the seedlings, one or two years old from the seed. I obtain my stocks by planting in my garden each spring a few apple, peach and quince seeds. If planted in rich soil, they will be large enough for budding upon in the fall of the same year. When the stock is small, the bud should be inserted near the ground. Soft woollen yarn must be used for tying the buds. They should be tied firmly, and after three or four weeks the bandage must be loosened, or if the stock has swelled much it must be removed altogether. When budding has been performed very late in the season, I have found it an advantage to leave the bandage on during the winter.

As soon as the buds commence swelling in the ensuing spring, the stock should be cut off within an inch or two of the bud. The bud will then start vigorously, and all the shoots of the stock near to the bud and below it must be taken off from time to time. BUCKEYE.

Chili, Ohio, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

APPLE ORCHARDS.

I send you this communication on the subject of planting a young apple orchard. And as the fall season is considered by many fruit growers to be the best time for planting an orchard, I would observe in the first place, that the ground before planting should be sufficiently moist by rain, or be made so by sprinkling the earth as it is put in around the trees, taking care to shake the loose earth well among the roots, and pack the same down with the feet. And in the second place, to save ground, lay off each square 40 feet, then plant a tree at each corner and one in the middle. In the third place, the trees selected from the nursery should neither be too young nor too old, but of a thrifty growth. The holes for setting the trees in should be wide and deep enough to admit some loose rich dirt to be thrown in the bottom of the hole before the tree is set in. After the tree is partially set, and before the dirt is trampled down, the tree should be leaned toward the southwest, and staked so as to retain that direction. There has been a great deal written and said concerning the planting of fruit trees, but the setting the trees with a sufficient leaning towards the southwest is of great importance to keep the sun from scorching and thereby killing the bark, and by that means the worms are let in. The winds have the tendency to incline the trees of a young orchard eastward, even when the trees are several years set. Trees thus inclined should be wrenched back at a proper time, when the ground is sufficiently wet, so as to reverse all those leaning east to a proper direction southwest. And if this cannot be done, a thin light board should be nailed on the southwest side of each tree laid liable to be injured by the scorching rays of the summer sun, with a couple of four-penny nails.

Many farmers plant young orchards and leave them to grow as nature may incline them; but without cultivation and care, the young orchard will pay a poor interest for the outlay.

ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

Jefferson County, Ohio, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TOPPING CORN.

As the season for gathering corn fodder will soon be here, I will give my way of doing it. As soon as the corn is done growing, and the stalks begin to die, I take all my hands and go into the field with sharp knives and cut the stalks off above the upper ear, and as close to it as possible, throwing them in bunches—four rows of corn to one of bunches. As soon as we get over the field, we go over it again, putting the bunches into shocks—four rows usually being sufficient for a row of shocks. Three hands will put them together very fast; two to set them up, and one with a sheaf of rye straw puts a band around the top of each shock. They are left thus until the corn is gathered, when the fodder is well cured and fit to take to the barn. Then, as before, three hands are necessary to make fast work, one with straw tying into bundles, and two with a team, hauling to the barn.

Now, for the advantages. Stalks put into shocks without bring tied into sheaves, will cure much better, are not liable to be injured by rains, and can be put into bundles with straw in less than half the time it takes when they are green. In topping corn, we get all the fodder that is worth anything, except the husks and a few leaves (usually dirty), and cattle would rather go to the fields for these than have them at the barn. Give cattle the chance, and they will leave the best fodder you can give them, and go to a field that has been topped. The benefit to the corn is equally great. It dries faster and takes less time to gather it. The large stalks left in the field will do the land more good than if taken to the barn and made into barnyard manure. They keep the snow on the field during the winter, and the next spring, if harrowed down and plowed under, make as much manure as if taken to the barn. If farmers who are in the habit of cutting their corn near the ground would try topping, they would be convinced that it is the best way. O. W.

Warren County, N. J., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SWINE AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD—FATTENING, ETC.

I consider pork extremely unwholesome to eat when fattened the usual way, that is, by confining them in a small, filthy pen or enclosure and feeding them all they can devour, and of such food as most other animals will refuse. To be sure they accumulate fat more rapidly, but a great portion of it is diseased. The filthy and unnatural condition in which the animal is fattened necessarily favors the accumulation of impurities, and clogs the body so that there is not sufficient waste, consequently the impurities are retained and become a portion of the body, and a source of, and, in part, constitute disease. Even when apparently healthy it is extremely difficult of digestion, and none but those who have strong stomachs can eat it with impunity. Notwithstanding these facts, people will eat it as though it was one of the necessaries of life, and as they are so prejudiced in its favor, it is very difficult to persuade them otherwise; so I will offer a few hints in regard to fattening swine to have them comparatively healthy:

First—Provide them a clean, comfortable, dry shelter with a large yard or pasture attached to it, and containing running water, in which they can range at pleasure.

Second—Give them wholesome food, and in such quantities as will readily be digested and assimilated. They must also have a variety of food.

Third—Feed them regularly, as they will thrive much better with the same, or less quantity, than when fed promiscuously. Three times a day are sufficient.

More hints might be given, but the foregoing will answer all practical purposes, and will, I hope, awaken the attention of farmers, and others, more full to the subject. The importance of healthy food is a subject which demands the attention of all, but which, unfortunately, claims but little from people generally. Wealth, business, and the gratification of our tastes and passions are the ruling ambitions and desires of our age, while health is considered of but secondary importance—our bodies mere tools which we can use with impunity in the gratification and accomplishment of all our desires, and when Nature speaks forth her wrongs in the voice of disease, we murmur at the "dispensations of Providence," as we term the results of our own sins. Ungrateful and unreasonable beings that we are! PROGRESS.

Jackson, 1862.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

PRESERVING PEACHES.—It may be done either with or without sugar, with much or with little. The question may well be considered, will sugar be cheaper next winter and spring than now, and we may act accordingly. Peel and cut in quarters, put them directly into the bottles, with a very little water, put the bottles in a wash-boiler, or similar vessel, filled with water to within two inches of the tops of the jars; bring the water to a boil, and boil it fifteen minutes. Have prepared a syrup with 1 pound of sugar to a pint of water, or 1 pound to 2 quarts, just as you choose—the former usually preferable—pour this boiling hot, into the botiles, as soon as they are removed from the water, and close hem immediately.

PINEAPPLE JAM.—Pare the pineapples, and grate or shred them fine with a silver fork. To every 5 pounds of fruit add 3 pounds of loaf sugar. Put the whole on the fire, and boil it three-quarters of an hour, stirring it all the while. When cold, put it in jars with brandy paper on the top, and tie them close, or paste paper over, and keep in a dry, cool place.

CORN OYSTERS.—Half a dozen ears of boiled corn; three eggs; a tablespoonful and a half of flour. Beat the yolks very thick; cut the corn off the cob; season it with pepper and salt; mix it with the yolks and add the flour. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth; stir them in with the corn and yolks; put a dessert spoonful at a time in a pan of hot butter, and fry to a light brown on both sides.

SWEET APPLES BAKED AND DRIED.—Bake as for the table; then dry by fire heat. The old-fashioned, large brick oven is the best place. When wanted for the table they may be soaked in water and heated, and finally the water dried away. The apples return to very nearly the condition of fresh baked apples. If they are stewed in a syrup they make a rich sauce, far preferable to that of the common dried apples.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. WARD IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, April 17th.

My wife stood before the lookin' glass, a fussin' up her hair.

"What you doin', Betsy?" I inquired.

"Doin' up my back hair," she replied.

"Betsy," sed I, with a stern air, "Betsy, you're too old to think about such trivolities as back hair."

"Too old! *too old!*" she screamed, "too old, you Bald-heded idiot. You haint get hair enuff onto *your* hed to make a decent wig for a single-brested grasshopper."

The Kebook was reserves, but merited. Hens-4th I shall let my wife's back hair alone. You heard me!

My little dawter is growing quite rapid, and begins to screotinize cloth n' with young men inside of it, putty clost. I observe, too, that she twists pieces of paper round her hair at nights, and won't let me put my arms round her any more for fear I'll muss her. "Your mother was't 'fraid I'd muss *her* when she was your age, my child," sed I one day, with a sly twinkle into my dark bay eye.

"No," replied my little dawter, "she probly liked it."

You ain't goin' to fool female Young America much. You may gamble on *that*.

But all this, which happened in Baldinsville a week ago, haint' nothin' to do with Washington, from whither I now write you, hopin' the items I hereby sends will be exceptable to the Gin-Ocstall of America—I mean the *Punch* thereof. [A mild wittikism.—A. W.]

Washington, D. C., is the Capital of "our once happy country"—if I may be allowed to koin a frase? The D. C. stands for Desprit Cusses, a numerosity which abounds here, the most of whom perses: a Romantic pashun for gratooitous drinks. And in this conjunction I will relate a incident. I notist for several days a large Hearse standin' in front of the principal taverns on Pennsylvany Avenoo. "Can you tell me, my fair Castilian," sed I this mornin' to a young Spaniard from Tipperary, who was blackin' boots in the wash room—"can you tell me what those Hearse is kept standin' out there for?"

"Well, you see our Bar bisness is great. You've no idee of the number of people who drink at our Bar durin' a day. You see those Hearse is necessary."

I saw.

Standin' in front of the tarvuns on Pennsylvany Avenoo is a lot of miserbul wretches—black, white and ring strickid and freckled—with long whips in their hands, who frowns upon you like the wulture upon the turkie-dove the minit you dismerge from the hotel. They own yonder four-wheeled startlin' curiosity's, which were used years and years ago by the fust settlers of Virginny to carry live hogs to market in. The best carrige I saw in the entire collection was used by Pockyhontas, sum two hundred years ago, as a goat pen. Becumin' so used up that it couldn't hold goats, that fair and gentle savage put it up at auction. Subsekently it was used as a hospital for sick calves, then as a hencoop, and finally it was put on wheels and is now doin' dooty as a hack.

I called on Secretary Welles, of the Navy. You know he is quite a mariner himself, havin' once owned a Raft of logs on the Connethycut river. So I put on saler stile and hollerd: "Ahoy, shipmet! Tip us yer grapplin' irons."

"Yes—yes!" he sed, nervously, "but mercy on us, don't be so noisy."

"Ay, ay, my hearty! But let me sing about how Jack Stokes lost his gal:

"The reason why he couldn't gain her
Was becos he's a drunken saler!"

"That's very good indeed," said the Secky, "but this is hardly the place to sing songs in, my frend."

"Let me write the songs of a nashun," sed I, "and I don't care a cuss who goes to the legislater! But I ax your pardon—how's things?"

"Comfortable, I thank you. I have here," he added, "a copy of the Middletown Weekly Clarion, of February the 15, containin' a report that there isn't much Union sentiment in South Caroliny, but I hardly credit it."

"Air you well, Mr. Secky," sed I. "Is your liver all right? How's your kot?"

"God bless me!" sed the Secky, risin' hastily and glarin' wildly at me, "what do you mean?"

"O, nothin' partickler. Only it is one of the beauties of a Republican form of gov'ment that a Cabnit offisser can pack up his trunk and go home whenever he's sick. Sure nothin' don't ail your liver?" sed I, pokin' him putty vilen' in the stummick.

I called on Abe. He received me kindly. I handed him my umbreller and told him I'd have a check for it if he pleased. "That," sed he, "puts me in mind of a little story. There was a man out in our parts who was so mean that he took his wife's coffin out of the back winder for fear he would rub the paint off the doorway.

"Wall, about this time there was a man in a adjacent town who had a green cotton umbreller."

"Did it fit him well? Was it custom made? Was he measured for it?"

"Measured for what?" said Abe.

"The umbreller."

"Wall, as I was sayin'," continnered the President, treatin' the interruption with apparent contempt, "this man sed he'd known that there umbreller ever since it was a parasol. Ha! ha! ha!

"Yes," sed I, larfin in a respectful manner, "but what has this man with the umbreller to do with the man who took his wife's coffin out of the back winder?"

"To be sure," said Abe—"what was it? I must have got two stories mixed together, which puts me in mind of another lit—"

"Never mind, your Excellency, I called to congratulate you on your career, which has been a honest and a good one—unscared and unmoved by secesh in front of you and abolish at the back of you—each one of which is a little wuss than the other if possible!

"Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty and vigor, merits all prase, but to keep his under garmints on. E. Stanton has appeerently only one weakness, which is, he can't allus keep his under garmints from flyin' up over his hed. I mean that he occasionally dances in a peck measure, and he don't look graceful at it."

I took my departer. "Good-bye, old sweetness!" sed Abe, shakin' me cordgully by the hand.

"Adoo, my Prahsyrie flower!" I replied, and made my exit. Twenty-five thousand dollars a year and found," I soliloquized, as I walked down the street, "is putty good wages for a man with a modist appytite, but I reckon that it is wuth it to run the White House."

"What you bowl, sah? What the debble you doin', sah?"

It was the voice of an Afrikin Brother which thus spoke to me. There was a cullud procession before me, which was escortin' a elderly bald-hedded Afrikin to his home in Bates alley. This distinguished Afrikin Brother had just returned from Lybery, and in turnin' a corner puty sudden I had stumbled and placed my hed agin his stummick in a rather strengthy manner.

"Do you wish to impede the progress of this procession, sah?"

"Certainly not, by all means! Procesh!"

And they went on.

I'm reconstructin' my Show. I've bo't a collection of life-size wax figgers of our prominent Revolutionary forefathers. I bo't 'em at auction and got 'em cheap. They stand me about 2 dollars and fifty cents ($2 50) per Revolutionary forefather.

Ever as always yourn, A. WARD.

—N. Y. Vanity Fair.

INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

[FROM THE BOSTON COURIER.]

A NOVEL SCENE.—A member of the Massachusetts 13th regiment, writing a day or two after the battle of Cedar Mountain, speaks as follows of the proceedings subsequent to the battle:

"Day before yesterday the battle field was under the white flag, and open to all parties. It was a novel sight to see the Yankee 'mudsills' and the secesh lying on the grass side by side, debating the war question. Then you would see a group of four playing euchre—two of our soldiers against two of theirs. The two armies, for the time being were on the most friendly terms. There was no danger of disturbance, as no arms were allowed on the field by either party."

The above description recalls a passage in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and also confirmed the sentiment of one of our native poets of an early date—

"We see mankind the same in every age," &c.

In the scene depicted by Scott, the English forces of the Border are before the Scottish castle of Branksome, but a truce has been declared for special purposes. The poem proceeds:

"Now, noble dame, perchance you ask,
How those two hostile armies met?
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit and by nation foes,
They met on Teviot's strand!
They met, and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat without a frown,
As brothers meet in a foreign land;
The hands the spear that lately grasped,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
Were interchanged in greeting dear:
Visors were raised and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about, [day;
With dice and draughts some chased the
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.

"Yet be it known, had bug'es blown,
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green;
The merry shout by Teviot's side
Had sunk in war cries wild and wide,
And in the green of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war such sudden change
Was not unfrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border day:
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sank down
The sun's declining ray.

THE REBELLION.

The Retrograde Movement of the Army.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE AFFAIR.

DETAILS OF THE FIGHTING.

[From the Correspondent of the Tribune.]

HEAD QUARTERS GEN. POPE'S ARMY, CENTREVILLE HEIGHTS, Va., Sept. 1.

THE COMMENCEMENT.

While Gen. Pope was stationed at Warrenton, the rebels, under Jackson, Ewell, Longstreet, Hill, Stewart and Fitzhugh Lee, conceived the strategic movement of marching the great mass of the rebel army around the head waters of the Rappahannock, through Thoroughfare Gap, and thence to Manassas, hoping to cut off the Army of Virginia from its base of supplies, and hoping thereby to starve it out or compel them to fight on their chosen battle-field. As soon as Gen. Pope was informed of the intended movement of the rebels, thinking the force to be smaller than it really was, he set about capturing the force between him and Washington, and to keep open the route from his army to his base of supplies. The first appearance of the rebel army, after moving through Thoroughfare Gap, was made at Bristow's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

WEDNESDAY'S MOVEMENT.

To carry out the plan of capturing the rebel force at Bristow's, Gens. Reno's and Kearney's divisions were despatched from Warrenton to Greenwich, on the turnpike, north of Manassas, to cut off the enemy if he should plan a retreat back again to Thoroughfare Gap. To prevent a milar movement on the part of the enemy, General Siegel was ordered to Gainesville, and General McDowell was dispatched to Thoroughfare Gap. General Hooker was advancing along the railroad to Bristow's station, to attack the enemy in front, while General Banks was ordered to follow Gen. Hooker as a reserve, in case the enemy should defeat Hooker, and cause our forces to resume a retrograde movement. The order of McDowell was also to keep Longstreet and Ewell from joining Jackson at Manassa by the way of Thoroughfare Gap. McDowell was not able to arrive soon enough to prevent the enemy from being reinforced by the great mass of the rebel army. The enemy, in force, arrived at Manassas on Wednesday evening, when Ewell was sent to Bristow's station to destroy what Union supplies there should be standing on the track. Ewell's force coming up was met by Hooker coming down, and also by Kearney, who had arrived by way of Greenwich. The fight at this station was a signal victory on the part of Hooker and Kearney. Although the combined infantry movement of Hooker, and artillery movement of Kearney, 700 prisoners were taken in this engagement, besides some small arms and accoutrements. The enemy were driven back to Manassas, and as night came on they took possession of the heights across Broad run. There both forces rested. In this fight the loss of the enemy was heavy, and amongst them were some of their finest officers. Gen. Ewell was wounded in the leg by a shot from a rifled cannon, and his leg has since been amputated.

At dawn of day on Friday, Kearney, Reno, and Hooker, of Heintzelman's corps, and Sykes' division of Porter's corps, came up before Manassas. Birney's brigade was first on the battle-ground of Manassas, at 7 o'clock on Friday morning The enemy had left the immediate vicinity of the Junction, and the buildings were burned behind them. Kearney's division was now ordered to march on, cross Bull Run, near the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and move on Centreville, where the enemy were reported to have been posted in considerable force. Kearney advanced, and drove in their videttes, and crossed the Run without opposition.

One mile beyond the bridge, on a commanding height, Kearney now made disposition of his troops for battle, sending out skirmishers on the right and left, &c. After the arrival of Kearney, advancing to within a mile and a half of Centreville, they met a regiment of the enemy's cavalry, who immediately charged on them. Our cavalry skirmishers—two companies of the 2d Pennsylvania cavalry—turned and fled, the enemy in hot pursuit. On arriving near our infantry line, they were met by a heavy fire from our infantry skirmishers on the right and left of the wood, and thrown back in confusion. Gen. Birney here came near being taken prisoner. The rebel cavalry seeing him in front, noticed his shoulder-straps, and then commenced a scrub race for life on one hand and a General on the other. However, Gen. Birney escaped.

Kearney's Division now advanced to Centreville, and occupied the works without molestation. Hooker and Reno encamped a few miles in the rear on Thursday night, and Sigel also coming up from the direction of Manassas. The stone bridge was destroyed and Sigel's skirmishers soon met those of the enemy in the woods on both sides of the Warrenton road, but beyond the Leesburg road. The enemy's skirmishers were driven in, and Sigel commenced to shell the woods, when the enemy soon opened with artillery from beyond. Kearney forded Bull Run one mile above the bridge, which was destroyed, and found Sigel's troops in line of battle, the right resting on Leesburg road, and their left on Bull Run.

Kearney immediately formed his troops to the right of Sigel, his right resting on Bull Run, the two divisions making a curve. Hooker and Reno were the reserve. At 10 o'clock on Friday the enemy were attacked by Sigel's right under Carl Shurz, which resulted in driving them some distance. On two occasions Shurz was hardly pressed, and was only able to stand the shocks of the enemy through the superior bravery of the 1st, 3d and 8th New York Regiments of Kearney's division. At 10:30 the enemy advanced in great force, and Heintzelman's and Hooker's divisions of Heintzelman's corps were ordered to the front. Augur's brigade of Greenough's division fought the enemy for about two hours desperately, but being overpowered by superior numbers, for the first time in the war Hooker *fell back*—not, however, until Augur's brigade had exposed his flank. The back movement of our troops from their position exposed the left of Kearney. The rebels now were behind the embankment of a new railroad. Kearney leaving one brigade to hold the right flank of the Union forces, immediately changed front and led two brigades to the assault, attacking the enemy in the flank. This cross-fire drove the enemy across the railroad and through the woods. Randolph's and Graham's batteries let fire and sent the enemy backward in a precipitate retreat. The rebels were driven through the cornfield beyond the railroad from the woods, and pressed hard by Birney's Brigade on to the heights beyond. Night coming on, the further progress of the Union forces was impeded; but with the assistance of two regiments of Stevens' Brigade, Kearney maintained his advanced position during the night. Morning found them on the field.

SATURDAY'S BATTLE.

During the night of Friday and early Saturday morning, McDowell and Porter arrived. Porter was sent to turn the enemy's right, and Ricketts' division of McDowell's corps relieved Kearney in front. The morning opened with slight skirmishing from Ricketts' division. At two o'clock Porter opened the attack. The cannonading soon became general, the enemy replying with heavy rifled pieces. The infantry fire now commenced and became general and severe along the right, under Fitz John Porter, Sigel and Reno. After a desperate fight of two hours, the enemy forced McDowell's left and the left of the army through the woods. This was at four o'clock. Quite a panic now commenced, but it was soon stopped. The enemy did not seem to be aware of the advantage they had gained, and before they could take advantage of it, our troops were ordered by General Pope to take a more commanding position upon the heights commanding the plain beyond. The enemy pressed through the edge of the woods on our left, advancing into the open space. They now came on under a destructive fire of canister from all the batteries stationed on the heights commanding the plain. Their loss was fearful, and they were driven back to the woods. The fight became general. The artillery shook the country about, and the battle field was the wrestle with death. Ricketts was attacked, the enemy advancing in line under the cover of their batteries. After a severe fight, McDowell's corps fell back, owing to the concentration of superior numbers on their decimated ranks. The whole infantry line of the left flank now *seemed* to be in retreat, but they were simply changing their position under orders from Pope. The breaking of the left also made it necessary to change the position of the right. Kearney on the extreme right was ordered to cover this movement, and hold the enemy now advancing in check. This was successfully accomplished by a change of the main regiments of Birney's Brigade.

Ricketts's Division was rallied on the hill with Kearney's, and Kearney, Ricketts, Gibbon and Reno were all that were left to dispute the advance of the enemy toward the bridge. Reno soon became engaged on the left, and gallantly drove the enemy back. Ricketts, at 7 o'clock, under orders from Gen. Pope, fell back to the heights of Centreville. Reno following at 8 o'clock. This left Kearney without support, and with Gibben, the two Generals, the last on the field, quietly withdrew to the Centreville heights, commanding the plain beyond. Firing had ceased. Night came on, and the Union army lay drawn in battle array all the night, but no enemy made his appearance. Yesterday, though within sight of the enemy's pickets, all was quiet, except a little shelling of the woods on our part, and some slight skirmishing on the left. Our losses have been heavy, especially among officers. The grand aggregate of all the detail movements within the last four days has not resulted in a victory to the rebel or the Union forces. They expected to cut off our supplies; they have not done it. Only about half of the Army of the Peninsula were engaged. Sumner's corps arrived on Sunday morning as a reserve, and immediately took up the right wing of the army, where they now stand anxiously awaiting the enemy.

MONDAY'S OPERATIONS.

On Monday morning intelligence was received at head quarters that the divisions of Hill and Longstreet intended to appear on our right in force and cut off our supply trains. To prevent this consummation, the division of Gen. Reno was despatched by Gen. Pope to Fairfax Court-house. It was also deemed prudent to commence the evacuation of Centreville, to cover our base of operations, inasmuch as Gens. Hill and Longstreet were known to be in force some distance toward Washington from the battle field of Saturday, and as a reconnoissance to the front had revealed an anticipated movement in the same direction by the enemy.

The Army of Virginia commenced retiring toward Fairfax Court-house on Monday, at 9 o'clock, Reno's division leading the march and McDowell's corps following.

THE BATTLE BEYOND FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE.

As Reno's division was pursuing its line of march, and when within one mile and a half of Fairfax Court-house, a heavy volley from a force of riflemen came pouring in upon them from the woods to the right of the road. This occurred at 4 P. M. The rebel force was a detachment from Gen. Hill's division, and was commanded by Gen. Stewart.

The volley was almost entirely received by Gen. Stevens' brigade, composed of the 28th Mass., 8th Mich., 50th Pa., 100th Pa. and the 46th N. Y.

Reno and Stevens immediately formed their commands in line of battle to repel the attack of the enemy, now concealed in the thick shrubbery of the woods. Gallantly responded to by his men, who pressed the enemy and drove them before them with great slaughter. While thus charging them, General Stevens was hit with a Minie ball, and instantly killed, but not until the enemy had been routed. Captain Stevens, the son of the General, was also wounded in the hand. Kearney's batteries now opened on the rebel forces, causing sad havoc among the rebel ranks. Skirmishing was kept up for about three hours, when the enemy retreated, and the train passed on unmolested.

Your correspondent passed over the battle-ground at 10 o'clock on Monday evening. The enemy's loss was heavy. Their dead lay in furrows where the first volley from Stevens' brigade went whistling among them, and I thought the penalty for this raid was amply severe.

General Stevens was ex-Governor of Washington Territory, and is reported to have fought most gallantly in the battle of Saturday.

A VISIT TO SATURDAY'S BATTLE-FIELD.

RECOVERY OF OUR WOUNDED.

Appearance of the Field.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

[From the correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.]

BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD, Monday, Sept. 1, 1862.

The incidents of this letter were taken down in my note book on the bloody battle-field of Manassas Plain, while surrounded by the white, cold bodies of 1800 slain heroes of the Republic, and 5000 living soldiers of the rebellion.

At 10 o'clock Monday, Gen. Pope sent a flag of truce with a corps of ambulances, to carry off our wounded in the Saturday's fight.

Notwithstanding I had no pass or anything to shield me if the rebels should have taken a fancy to have retained me a prisoner, I could not withstand the ruling passion of curiosity which tempted me to enter their lines.

The corps arrived at the outer line of the enemy's videttes, stationed along the bank of Oub Run, about 11 o'clock, and the white flag at once gave us admittance within their lines. A curious group of slouch-hatted butternut-uniformed cavalry turned around us, and though detailed to escort us to the battle-field, stood around listlessly staring at us as if we were a sort of national horse show. They were very respectful, and cleverly communicative. Chatting along the road, they took us to the battle-field. Standing around the battle-field in various squads, companies, and battalions, were about 5000 soldiers, dressed in every style of dress conceivable, from a surtout hunting-jacket to a muskrat overcoat. Some were dressed as civilians, with nothing military about them except a sword or rusty shot-gun. They all asked us how long before the war would close. They said, "All you had to do was to stop fighting us, and peace would come, as we were all sick of the war." They said they for some time had got nothing to eat or wear from the Government. They had not received a single ration from the Government for the last ten days, but had lived on the country and the supply they took from us at Manassas; still, almost every man avowed his intention to fight to the last ditch for their independence.

While the surgeons were taking off the wounded, I had a long and interesting conversation with a group of officers. I answered all their questions firmly and strongly—and from The Tribune's stand point—told them what right we had to confiscate their negroes. I told them they were contraband of war in every sense of the term, and that persons of most limited military knowledge should understand the policy and necessity of depriving them of the labor of a man who filled their fields and allowed them to go to war. They asked what right we had to confiscate their property. I told them that every ration admitted the right to confiscate the property of